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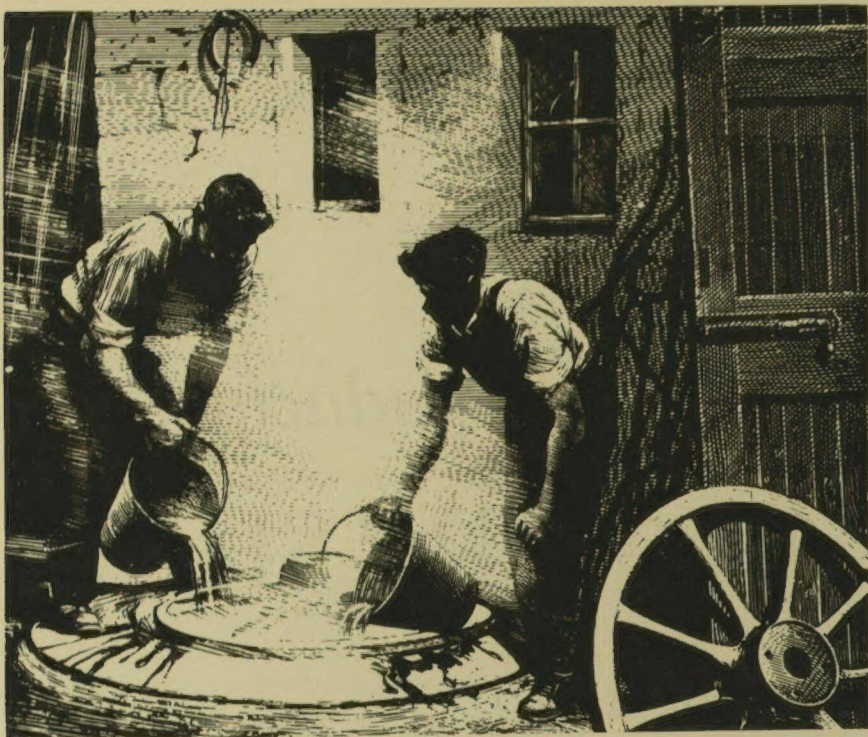
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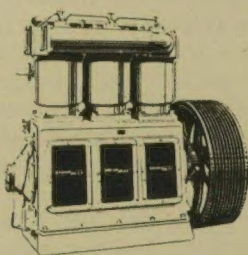






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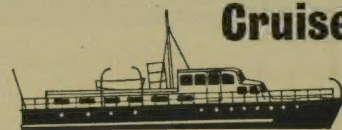
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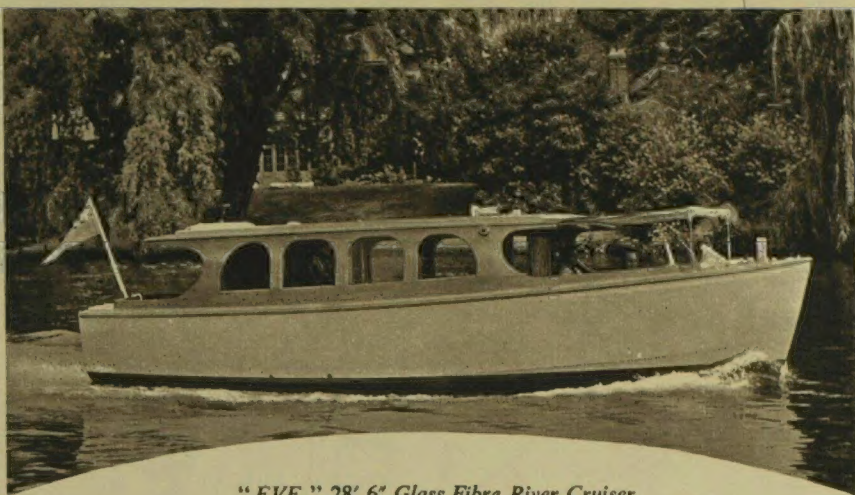


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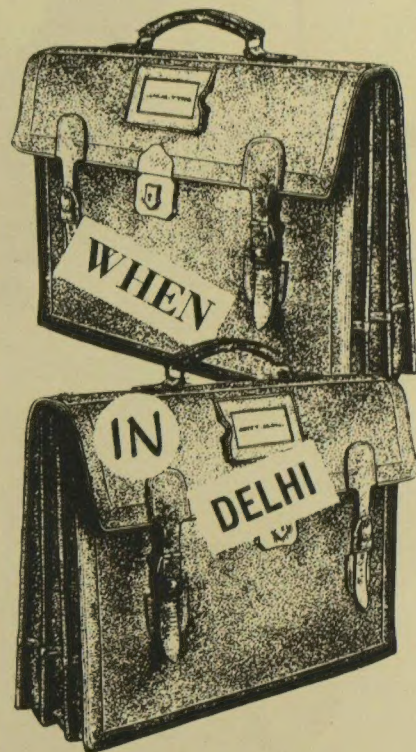
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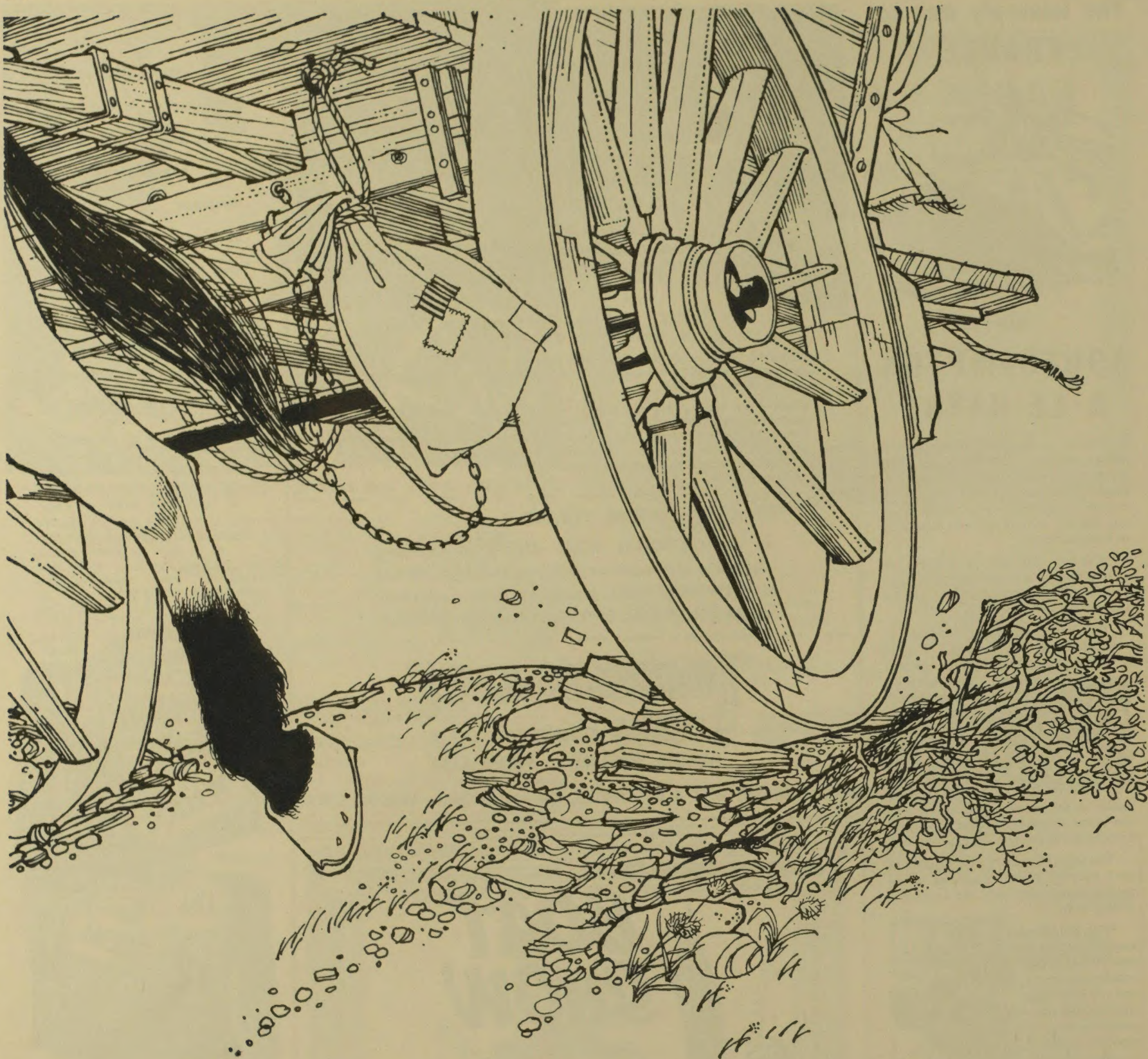
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1958.



LORD KITCHENER IN ECLIPSE: SUDANESE ARMY ENGINEERS LOWERING THE COVER ON THE KITCHENER STATUE IN KHARTOUM, IN A BRIEF MILITARY CEREMONY BEFORE THE STATUE'S REMOVAL ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 11-12.

As briefly reported in our last issue, on the evening of December 11 the statues of General Gordon and Lord Kitchener in Khartoum were shrouded during the course of two brief military ceremonies conducted in the presence of the British Ambassador, Sir Edwin Chapman-Andrews; and in the course of the following night both statues were taken down and removed to temporary storage in the Museum. Both statues, it is now learnt, are to be brought to England, but there are no detailed plans for their future disposal or for the

date of their arrival in England. The Gordon statue, showing the General riding on a camel, was erected in 1904 near the spot where he was killed by the Mahdists in 1885; and is a copy of one made by Mr. Onslow Ford for the R.E. Mess at Chatham. The decision to remove the two statues was taken over a year ago and is believed to have no political significance beyond underlining the Sudanese Government's intention to have its independence without reservations. There were no statues of Egyptian leaders erected in the Sudan.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I CANNOT help wishing that for the moment I was on the electoral roll of East Harrow, for, if I was, I should be able to record a vote for my old friend, Sir Alan Herbert! For many years I used to enjoy this periodic privilege while he represented the University of Oxford, but after 1945 I lost it when the University was disfranchised in the name of progress and greater equality. Since then Parliament has been the poorer for the loss of one of the most sensible and intelligent men who can ever have sat in it. Throughout his parliamentary career Sir Alan was the champion of every humane and enlightened measure and, regardless of the pressures and taboos of party, represented more completely, I think, than any other man in the House, the conscience and intelligence of the ordinary decent Englishman. Nor, though he held no office, did he represent it without effect. Probably not since Wilberforce has any back-bencher done more for the general good of the country. For it was not only for the fortunate electors of Oxford University that Sir Alan, their Senior Burgess, spoke. He spoke for us all and, most of all, for those of us whom the great organised "interests" of the community usually pass by. He was, *par excellence*, the member for the Man in the Pub and for the Family by the Hearth. For reasons of political organisation most of the causes he so fearlessly and untiringly championed were "minority" causes. Yet in a very real sense they were the minority causes of Everyman. No honest man deprived of justice or denied the satisfaction of an essential human need was without a champion in the Legislature so long as Sir Alan Herbert was a member of it. And with nothing to sustain his efforts for the common good but his own puissant pen, he gave himself ungrudgingly to every generous cause. It is pleasant, as a former constituent, to be able to record my own and everyone else's debt to him.

I have no idea what his chances of re-entering the House of Commons are, or how many of the electors of East Harrow are likely to desert their allegiance to the great organised Parties in order to record a vote for him. But if a sufficient number do return him to Westminster, I for one shall regard East Harrow as the most enlightened constituency in Great Britain. This does not mean that I am opposed to the Party system; on the contrary, I am a strong believer in the two-Party system as the best mechanism for securing an effective and honest Government in a Parliamentary country. Indeed, I believe that the existence of a third organised political Party since the beginning of the present century has been a principal cause of the recent decline in Parliament's prestige and the growing and deplorable indifference of the public to its debates. A clear-cut alternative between two great Parties, each representing major principles, is what, with his inherent political good sense, the ordinary Englishman wants and instinctively realises to be the surest bulwark against the corruption and shadow-fighting of a multiplicity of parties representing, in reality, nothing but selfish sectional interests. Yet though I believe the existence of two well-defined

Parties, competing for office and contending on the hustings and on the floor of the House, is fundamental if Britain's political future is to be as great as her political past, the Party system by itself is not sufficient. For, though the alternation in office of the leaders of two highly organised and, therefore, immensely powerful



AFTER THE ANGLO-FRENCH CLASH ON TRADE DISCRIMINATION: SIR DAVID ECCLES, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, ON HIS RETURN TO LONDON.



M. COUVE DE MURVILLE, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, AT THE MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF O.E.E.C. IN PARIS, WHICH WAS ADJOURNED AFTER ANGLO-FRENCH DISAGREEMENT.

On December 15, the meeting of the Council of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation (O.E.E.C.) was adjourned without any decision apart from an agreement to meet again on January 15. The meeting was concerned with avoiding or limiting trade discrimination when the tariff changes under the Treaty of Rome take effect on January 1 among the six partners of the Common Market. Sir David Eccles spoke of the need among the other O.E.E.C. nations for "reprisals" if the six Powers went ahead with their plans. M. Couve de Murville objected strongly, and said that this was tantamount to a threat; and that France could not consider negotiating under threat of a trade war. On Mr. Heathcoat Amory's suggestion there was a brief adjournment; but even after this there was no agreement on the British proposals for compromises and concessions.

Parties is, by and large, in the national interest, it does not provide, as Parliament rightly should, for the due representation of the private individual's interest. It is apt to steam-roller out of the way everything that does not serve the apparent ends of one or other of the great Party organisations and, in the interests of legislative working efficiency, to insist that its Parliamentary members devote themselves wholly and exclusively to the furtherance of measures stamped with the official Party seal. In other words, great Parties tend inevitably to become machines and the M.P.s who adhere to them to become cogs of such

machines. In the past this was not so, because the average Member of Parliament was too rich and too independent to subordinate himself completely to Party. As well as being an M.P., he was also a squire, a Justice of the Peace, a Master of Hounds or classical scholar, a local dignitary, an employer of labour. Though out of patriotism and good sense, he might in ordinary matters submit to Party discipline, he seldom allowed his chosen Party to be the complete master of his conscience and judgment. To this we owe the fact that the English ideal of Parliamentary representation has never been that of a mere automatic delegation, but has always, at least until recently, comprised the right and, indeed, duty of a Member of Parliament, however elected, to adhere to certain dictates of personal honour and good sense that were generally held to transcend the demands and dictates of Party. This ideal was best expressed by Burke in his classic address to the electors of Bristol.

Certainly, gentlemen, it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinions high respect, their business unremitting attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasure, his satisfactions, to theirs; and above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But his unbiased opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.

My worthy colleague says, his will ought to be subservient to yours. If that be all, the thing is innocent. If government were a matter of will upon any side, yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination; and what sort of reason is that in which the determination precedes the discussion, in which one set of men deliberate and another decide, and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments? . . . *Authoritative instructions, mandates issued, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote, and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest convictions of his judgment and conscience*—these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenour of our Constitution.

This traditional ideal of a Member of Parliament's duty has been partly impaired by the crusade against inherited wealth and by successive reforms of the franchise. It is to-day far harder than it used to be for a Member of Parliament to withstand the pressure both of his local constituency Party organisation and, still more, of the Party Whips and the Party Central Office. That is why the presence in Parliament of a few Independent members like Sir Alan Herbert or Mr. W. J. Brown is so vital to the future of our Parliamentary institutions and of the respect and affection in which they are held by the British people.





"FAMILY PORTRAIT": MINISTERS AND PERMANENT REPRESENTATIVES OF FIFTEEN COUNTRIES AT THE MINISTERIAL MEETING OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION IN PARIS, WHICH OPENED ON DECEMBER 16.

In the foreground: M. P.-H. Spaak, Secretary-General of N.A.T.O., left, and M. J. M. A. H. Luns, President of the North Atlantic Council, 1958-59, and Netherlands Minister of Foreign Affairs. Front row, left to right: U.S.A.—Mr. Dulles, Secretary of State, Mr. N. H. McElroy, Secretary of Defence, Mr. F. C. Scribner, Under Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. W. R. Burgess, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council; U.K.—Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Sandys, Minister of Defence, Mr. F. J. Erroll, Economic Secretary to the Treasury, and Sir F. Roberts, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council; Turkey—Mr. Menderes, Minister of Defence, and Mr. S. Sarper, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council. Second row, left to right: Netherlands (Pays-Bas)—Mr. E. H. van der Beugel, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. C. Staf, Minister of Defence, and Mr. D. U. Stikker, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council; Norway—Mr. H. Lange, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. N. Handal, Minister of Defence, and Mr. J. Boyesen, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council; Portugal—Mr. M. Mathias, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. J. Botelho Moniz, Minister of Defence, and Mr. A. de Faria, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council. Third row, left to right: Luxembourg—M. J. Bech, Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. P. Werner, Minister of Finance and of the Armed Forces, and M. N. Hommel, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council; Italy—

Sig. A. Fanfani, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sig. A. Segni, Minister of Defence, and Sig. U. Grazzi, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council; Iceland—Mr. H. Andersen, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council. Fourth row, left to right: Greece—Mr. E. Averoff-Tossitsa, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. G. Themelis, Under Secretary for National Defence, Mr. N. Martis, Minister of Industry, and Mr. M. Melas, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council; Germany—Hr. H. von Brentano, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Hr. F. J. Strauss, Minister of Defence, Hr. F. Etzel, Minister of Finance, Hr. H. Blankenhorn, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council; France—M. Couve de Murville, Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. P. Guillaumat, Minister of Armed Forces, and M. G. de Courcel, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council; Back row, left to right: Denmark—Mr. J. O. Krag, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. P. Hansen, Minister of Defence, and Mr. M. A. Wassard, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council; Canada—Mr. S. E. Smith, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. G. R. Pearkes, Minister of National Defence, Mr. D. M. Fleming, Minister of Finance, Mr. J. Léger, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council; Belgium—M. P. Wigny, Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. A. Gilson, Minister of National Defence, M. J. van Houtte, Minister of Finance, and M. A. de Staercke, Permanent Representative to N. Atlantic Council. The photograph was taken in the Palais de Chaillot.

N.A.T.O. photograph by Eric Schaal.



# CHRISTMAS IN CONTRASTING CITIES, AND A NEW ALTAR-PIECE IN ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH.

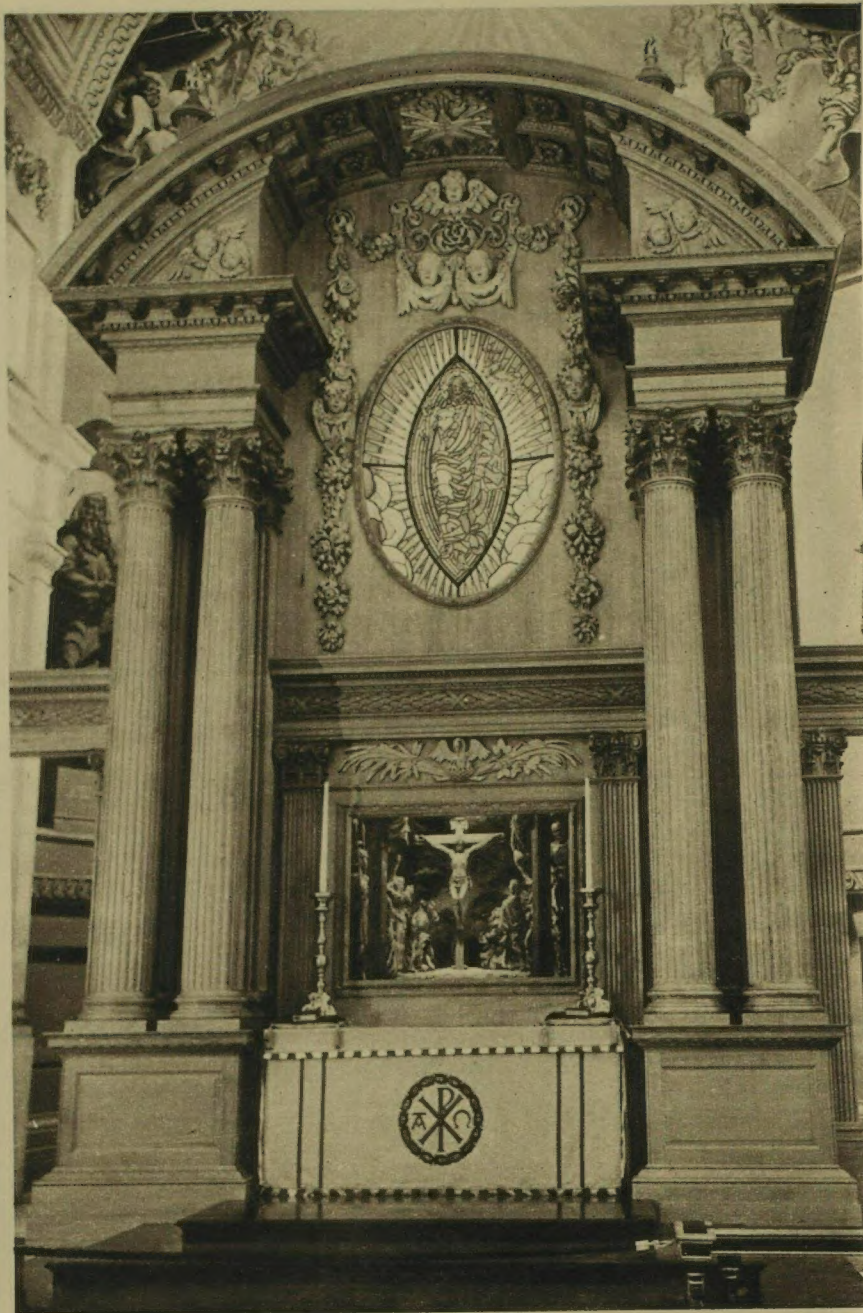


A LONELY SYMBOL OF CHRISTMAS STANDS NEAR THE FRONTIERS OF WEST BERLIN. BEHIND IT FLOOD-LIGHTS FROM THE RUSSIAN SECTOR ILLUMINATE THE BRANDENBURG GATE IN THE HEART OF THIS TROUBLED CITY. RUSSIA HAS PROPOSED THAT WEST BERLIN BECOME A "FREE CITY."



IN CONTRAST TO THE TENSE EMPTINESS AROUND THE BRANDENBURG GATE, LONDONERS GATHER IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE TO LISTEN TO THE NORWEGIAN GIRLS' CHOIR.

IN Berlin the traditional festivities of Christmas have this year been held under the shadow of fierce international disputes over the future of the city. In the Western sector a solitary Christmas tree stands by the Brandenburg Gate. Powerfully illuminated from the Eastern sector, the floodlit Gate stands like a menacing sentinel. In London another Christmas tree, the annual gift from Norway, stands in Trafalgar Square. There is no international tension here, and every evening crowds have freely gathered to listen to carol-singing. In the picture above, the Norwegian Girls' Choir, in national costume, is seen dancing and singing.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE REREDOS IN ST. BRIDE'S, SHOWING THE NEW ALTAR-PIECE BY MR. GLYN JONES. THE DEDICATION WAS ARRANGED FOR DECEMBER 21.



A CLOSER STUDY OF THE HIGH ALTAR, WITH MR. GLYN JONES' PAINTING, "CALVARY." THE REREDOS IS A MEMORIAL TO GOVERNOR WINSLOW AND THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE final work on the restoration of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, is now completed. The new altar-piece, "Calvary," by Mr. Glyn Jones, is now in place, and the dedication service by the Dean of Westminster was arranged for December 21. The oak reredos, the most recently completed part of the church, is a memorial to Governor Edward Winslow and the Pilgrim Fathers. In addition to the altar-piece, Mr. Glyn Jones is also responsible for the window above the altar, and the fresco on the east wall of the sanctuary. He has been working in close co-operation with the architect, Mr. W. Godfrey Allen. Mr. Allen, who has made some important changes in his plans, has aimed at bringing the restoration closer to Sir Christopher Wren's intention. In fact, the rebuilt St. Bride's is in many ways finer than the one destroyed by bombs in 1940. Lacking in balconies, the new church is much lighter.





DESPITE DIFFICULTIES OF CENSORSHIP: A PICTURE OF ONE OF THE RECENT DEMONSTRATIONS IN BAGHDAD, IRAQ.

Owing to many recent riots and disturbances, a strict censorship of news and photographs has been imposed in Iraq. In spite of this, we are able to reproduce, above, a typical riot scene in Baghdad, capital of Iraq. The demonstrations are aimed at Brigadier Abdul Karim Kassem, the new ruler of the country, and his Government. Some of the rioters are Communists, who find Brigadier Kassem not sufficiently to the Left; but most of them are followers of Colonel Nasser's United Arab Republic. For them, Brigadier Kassem is not sufficiently integrationist. The photograph above shows people of both extreme political beliefs mingling as they rush Brigadier Kassem's car as it

leaves the Ministry of Defence, where he works day and night. Shortly after the riot, it was reported that 375 people, all of them pro-Nasser in their politics, had been arrested. Owing to the censorship, this figure has not been confirmed, but it is probable that by now the number of arrests is considerably higher. On December 15 Mr. Rountree, American Assistant Secretary of State, arrived in Baghdad on a goodwill mission to the Arab states. He was met by a jeering crowd. Stones, mud and garbage were thrown at the car in which he travelled to the U.S. Embassy, and the windscreen was shattered. Two days later he left, cutting short his visit by twenty-four hours.



SOME small countries such as Lebanon are constantly in the public eye. By comparison, Finland is politically, though by no means commercially, shrouded. Once in a while, however, she emerges from the mist. The Finns have a phrase for it. They say that these rare periods of high visibility are caused by a cold wind from Russia. It is blowing now and it brings a slight shiver as well as clarity. Its touch is just felt in the Scandinavian States. After the Second World War all three looked forward to an extension of their friendship to Finland, which, though not Scandinavian, includes a considerable element of Swedish blood. In the event, the friendship has had to be confined to sentiment. It was made clear that Russia did not approve of anything more.

The dealings of Russia with Finland have been marked by a certain moderation. The country was not required to become a satellite. In 1956 the Russian garrison installed west of Helsinki was removed. It has always been made clear, however, that Finnish policy was expected to move within certain limits. The most important of these was left to be enunciated by the Finns themselves: that the first principle of Finnish foreign policy was friendship with Russia. The Finnish Army was reduced to a small force, lightly and primitively armed. It has become altogether incapable of any such achievements as those of the Second World War, in which it was engaged with Russia in two separate wars with an interval of peace between them. I recall that even one mildly spectacular parade was viewed with disfavour in Moscow, and I was told that it was unlikely to be repeated.

From time to time the Russian Press has grumbled about the attitude of Finland. An unusually strong example of this method of reproof has lately been seen. The Finnish Press has been accused of printing articles which are declared to be dangerous to the good relations of the two countries. Finnish films have come in for attack. The Russian Ambassador departed from Helsinki months ago and has not been replaced. A Finnish trade delegation has been kept kicking its heels. What has appeared on the surface is, however, only symbolic of what is going on beneath it. One element here has been dislike of the Government headed by the Social Democrat K. A. Fagerholm. Another is objection to the strength of Finnish trade links with the West and the weakness of those with Russia.

Since the war Finland has been compelled to resort to some form of coalition to carry on its government because no party can obtain an absolute majority. Recently the Communist Party reached a strength amounting to a quarter of the membership of the Diet. A coalition was then formed which included the Conservatives but not the Communists. There was nothing unconstitutional in this, and in many other countries with a multiplicity of parties the strongest has failed to win inclusion in a ministry because no others wished to ally themselves with it. The Finnish Communists held mass meetings, said

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. COLD WIND FROM RUSSIA—ON FINLAND.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

to have been inspired by Moscow, demanding a new Government in which they should be included.

More has perhaps occurred behind the scenes. Finally, Mr. Fagerholm decided to resign, and it would not appear that the revealed pressure was enough to cause him to do so. At the time of writing, no new Government has been formed and the old one is carrying on until this can be done. Nor has there been any word of the Communists having found partners who would agree to share office with them. They are in truculent mood and will press their claims. How far Russia is prepared to go in their support at this stage is matter for guess-work. The other feature of the quarrel may well appear for the moment more important than its political side.

to some extent limited so as to avoid alarming and exacerbating Sweden unduly. Though Sweden is not a member of N.A.T.O., while Norway and Denmark are, she is the least timid of the Scandinavian countries. In the past she undoubtedly hesitated before deciding not to become a member of N.A.T.O. There are no signs of her

having changed her mind, but she might debate the question anew if she considered that the danger of her situation had increased. On the other hand, a slight but subtle change has been clear to our eyes—and certainly to those of Soviet Russia also—in the policy of Norway. One aspect was well expressed in *The Norseman* this month. (Alas! it was the last number of this interesting and informative quarterly.) It spoke of Norwegian anxiety that "N.A.T.O. Powers having interests in other parts of the world may through their policy create a danger of war which will draw in and affect all other members."

In other words, Norway disliked the rescue interventions in Jordan and Lebanon. Norway, in agreement with the other two Scandinavian states, has officially approved a policy of dis-

engagement in Central Europe. Norway's stand for freedom in the Middle East would apparently include in such a goal the overthrow of the King and the Government of Jordan. This is not written in reproach. If it be sentimentalism, it comes naturally from a country which re-established its independence by readiness to fight for it and recognition by Sweden of the genuine character of the claim. We may take it that Norway is in no way prepared for what Soviet Russia would like to see in the long run, a neutralised Scandinavia. Still, Russia knows how to wait.

In the near future nothing very drastic looks likely. A new Government will be formed in Finland which, whatever its constitution, is pretty certain to take measures for the removal of causes of Russian criticism and discontent. Unemployment is, however, somewhat high in Finland at present, and would certainly grow if the Govern-

ment were forced to admit from the East goods which were not suited to her needs in place of goods from the West which were. Russia doubtless considers that her treatment of Finland has been generous; indeed, by her standards it has. Yet Finland has had a great deal to put up with and is deeply conscious of constraint.

The very factors in which she is so superior to the satellite countries of Central and Eastern Europe—education, health, standard of living—make it hard for her to put up with her lot, though this is better than theirs. Even the majority of the Finnish Communists would be sorry to have to live at the general standard of Communist countries. On the other hand, one cannot believe that it would suit Russia's book to drag her down to their level. Some kind of compromise will be reached, but the Russian terms are likely to be stiffer than before.

On page 1085 of our issue of December 20, we said that Calgary was the capital of Alberta. The capital is, in fact, Edmonton.



MARIE ANTOINETTE'S NECKLACE: PART OF THE MAGNIFICENT EXHIBITION "THE AGELESS DIAMOND" ON DISPLAY AT CHRISTIE'S IN JANUARY. (Property of the Duchess of Sutherland.)

This superb piece of jewellery is part of a unique display of diamonds which will be on display at Christie's in January, and which is more fully described on page 1133. This splendid necklace was the subject of an extraordinary incident at the court of King Louis XVI of France, in which Cardinal de Rohan was hoaxed into buying the necklace, in 1784, in the name of Marie Antoinette. This was one reason for the Queen being charged with extravagant pleasure. It can also be argued that this necklace, therefore, was one of the factors which led to her execution in 1793.

This second cause of trouble concerns Finnish-Soviet trade. It has become lop-sided. Finnish exports to Russia and the satellite states have been on a very big scale, but these countries are incapable of supplying Finland with any large proportion of the goods which she requires. On the other hand, Finland exports largely to the free countries, their demands being mainly for newsprint, whereas those of the Russian bloc are chiefly for the products of the Finnish metal industries. The Finnish Government is reported to have requested that some of the payments for the latter goods should be made in Western exchange. One can imagine with what frosty looks this application was regarded. It was unwelcome from two points of view, ideologically and financially.

The President is said to have warned the coalition leaders that it would not be possible to exclude the Communists from the next Government. This would presumably involve the exclusion of the right wing. While Moscow can exert heavy pressure on Finland, this may be



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



PARIS. 4500 MILES ROUND EUROPE ON HORSEBACK: Mlle. LILY BIARDOT AND HER HORSE RADJAH ON HER RETURN TO PARIS AFTER A RIDING TOUR OF SWITZERLAND, YUGOSLAVIA, BULGARIA AND GREECE.



JAPAN. THE INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE DEVICE TO AID SEA-RESCUE: A RADIO TRANSMITTER WHICH ONLY TRANSMITS WHEN IN WATER, AND THEN AUTOMATICALLY SENDS OUT A CONTINUOUS S.O.S. SIGNAL. SEEN AT AN EXHIBITION IN TOKYO.



JAPAN. TOKYO'S "EIFFEL TOWER": THE 1088-FT.-HIGH TELEVISION TOWER, WHICH PRINCE AKIHITO WAS TO INAUGURATE. On December 23, his twenty-fifth birthday, Crown Prince Akihito of Japan was to inaugurate this tower, which is now the chief landmark of Tokyo and which is to serve five Television stations.



WEST GERMANY. AN OLD-WORLD NOTE IN MODERN FRANKFURT: ITINERANT CARPENTERS FROM NORTHERN GERMANY WEARING TRADITIONAL COSTUME AND WALKING FROM JOB TO JOB. THE RULES OF THEIR GROUP, IT IS STATED, FORBID THEIR USING TRANSPORT.



ITALY. A LAST ECHO OF AN EPIC OF SALVAGE: ARTIGLIO II, THE SECOND OF HER NAME, AND THE ITALIAN SALVAGE SHIP WHICH EVENTUALLY RECOVERED THE EGYPT'S GOLD OFF USHANT IN THE 1930'S—NOW AWAITING THE SHIPBREAKERS AT GENOA.



WEST GERMANY. ZEBRAS DE LUXE—IN FRANKFURT, WHERE A CHEMICAL FIRM WAS USING THIS METHOD TO TEST AND TO DEMONSTRATE THE WEARING QUALITIES OF CERTAIN SYNTHETIC FIBRES FOR CARPET MANUFACTURE.



WEST GERMANY. WATCH THE COLOURED LIGHTS, AND SING THE NOTES: A DEVICE USED TO TEACH A CHOIR IN REGENSBURG. THE LIGHTS ON THE STAVES ARE SWITCHED ON BY PRESSURE ON THE ORGAN KEYS, TO TEACH CHORISTERS TO READ MUSIC.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE START OF THE CANADIAN CANOE RACE WHICH BEGINS ON THE SOLID ICE IN PRINCESS LOUISE BASIN.



IN THE VIEW OF FREIGHTERS, WHICH ARE, NATURALLY, IN THE BASIN FOR THE WINTER, THE CANOEISTS SET OUT WITH SPEED TO START THEIR CONTEST.



AT THE RIVER EDGE: CANOEISTS START THEIR RACE, A ROYAL CANADIAN NAVAL DETACHMENT FIRING SIX RIFLES SIMULTANEOUSLY TO START THE CANOE RACE.



ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE CANOES EMBARKING. THEIR NAMES ARE OFTEN SIMPLY AN ADVERTISEMENT: THE ADVERTISER PAYS FOR THE CANOE, AND PERHAPS FOR THE CREW'S CLOTHES ALSO.

### CANADA. CANOEING ON FLOATING ICE: AN ASTONISHING RACE WHICH WILL SHORTLY START IN QUEBEC.

On February 8 there will start, from a basin of the St. Lawrence River, an unusual, and somewhat alarming race by canoeists who will hustle up the river, go through ice, cross open water, and will then meet ice-floes and then open water again as they approach Levis, Quebec. This two-mile course takes on an average twenty minutes. The ice is moving in masses of splintered chunks and floes of many sizes at this time of year. The crews paddle hard

until the ice is too dense to be broken through. Then they jump out of their craft and slide it over the ice, each man holding on hard to the canoe so that, if anybody slips and goes down between floes, his companions can prevent him from being dragged under the water by the current. The danger is ever-present. From the heights of Quebec and the Plains of Abraham, about 100,000 people watch the battle of the canoes.

Photographs on this and the facing page by Canada Wide Photo.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



HEAVING AND SHOVING: MEN OF QUEBEC'S UNIQUE CANOE RACE OVER AND PAST THE ICE-FLOES DRAG THEIR BOATS OVER A SMALL BUT UNPLEASANT ICE-PATCH.



TOWARDS HOME: CONTESTANTS IN THE CANADIAN CANOE RACE HURRY FORWARD OVER THE ICE INTO WATER. THE BOAT ON THE LEFT IS JUST ABOUT TO TAKE THE PLUNGE.



A DIFFICULT MOMENT: A CREW IN THE RACE TRY TO FIGHT THEIR WAY FROM THE ICE-FLOES ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEAR WATER OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.



THIS PANORAMA OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, QUEBEC, SHOWS THE SECTION ON WHICH THESE CANOE RACES ARE RUN. IT WAS TAKEN FROM CHATEAU FRONTENAC.

### CANADA. MORE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE HARDSHIPS OF CANOEING ON FLOATING ICE: A CANADIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

The St. Lawrence River flows fast where this remarkable canoe race takes place because it is so narrow: less than one mile across. Between Montreal and Quebec, ice-breakers maintain a narrow channel to keep the ice moving down all the winter. This curtails floods in the spring and enables the shipping season to open earlier: and this, in its turn, has led to the chancy idea of a canoeing race. The main hazard of the race is the shifting ice. At Quebec

the tide is high and strong. For seven hours the ice moves down with the current. Then for six hours it moves up-river with the tide. The sight of the ice-floes going down at about six miles per hour, stopping, and then rising, is memorable in winter. The *bataliers*—the French-Canadian word for the paddlers—have run this kind of race by necessity all their lives: most of them have been brought up on a small island in the St. Lawrence River.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DAM, TAKEN AS THE SEALING OPERATION WAS IN PROGRESS AND AS WORK ON OTHER PARTS OF THE DAM CONTINUED.



TIPPING ROCKS INTO THE WATER TO SEAL THE OPENINGS IN THE DAM WALL: A VIEW SHORTLY AFTER THE SEALING BEGAN AT 7 A.M. ON DECEMBER 2.



THE OPENINGS IN THE DAM WHEN THE FLOW OF WATER HAD ALREADY BEEN HALVED. THE 7-FT.-DIAMETER PIPE TO THE RIGHT IS ONE OF FIVE THROUGH WHICH WATER IS TO FLOW TO MAINTAIN THE SUPPLY FOR PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

### FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND: THE HUGE LAKE STARTS TO FORM AT KARIBA AS THE DAM IS SEALED.

AT 7 a.m. on December 2 the final sealing of the Kariba Dam began as lorry-loads of rubble and rocks were tipped into the water at the entrance to apertures in the dam-wall through which the water was still flowing. The mouths of the apertures were covered by steel mesh, which is just visible above the rising water in the top right-hand photograph. The rising flood which is mounting up behind the dam will, within the next few years, be tapped to provide cheap hydro-electric power—at a rate of some millions of kilowatt hours a year—which will have far-reaching effects on life in Central Africa. After the sealing of the outlet entrances with large mounds of rocks and finer material, the blockage was to be concreted over. Work on filling the northernmost of the outlets—which is some 80 ft. long and of considerable height—with a permanent filling of concrete has already been begun by the African and Italian workmen employed by the contractors, the Italian firm Impresit. With the sealing of the dam (illustrated in our issue of December 13) naturalists present at the site were able to make useful studies below the dam, where the river sank to an unprecedented level, and preparations were in hand to help the animals who would find themselves stranded on islands formed by the sudden artificial flooding upstream.



AT 4 P.M., DECEMBER 2: A CONSIDERABLE PART OF THE DOME (ARROWED) AT THE END OF THE DIVERSION TUNNEL STILL SHOWING ABOVE THE WATER.



1 P.M., DECEMBER 3—TWENTY HOURS AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPH TO THE LEFT WAS TAKEN: THE ARROWED DOME ALMOST SUBMERGED AS A RESULT OF THE SEALING.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—V.



FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND. 24 HOURS AFTER THE KARIBA DAM SEALING BEGAN: THE ZAMBESI—AT LOW LEVEL—HAS FORMED THIS LAKE.



A VIEW OF THE YOUNG LAKE AT KARIBA, WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY COVER 2000 SQUARE MILES, WITH THE DAM WALL VISIBLE IN THE FAR DISTANCE.



## GOOD QUEEN BESS

"ESSAYS IN ELIZABETHAN HISTORY." By J. E. NEALE.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

"I WOULD to God," Sir Francis Walsingham once wrote, "her Majesty could be content to refer these things to them that can best judge of them, as other princes do"; while Sir John Harrington has left it on record that when the Queen smiled "it was a pure sunshine, that every one did chuse to bask in, if they could, but anon came a storm from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell in wondrous manner on all alike." Such was life under Elizabeth I, in some ways the most remarkable Sovereign England has ever known. As was to be the case in France a century later under Louis XIV not only the life of the Court, but that of the whole nation, revolved round the throne to an extent unparalleled in respect of the English monarchy before or since. To the Queen and her age Professor Neale holds a mirror in this book, which is a collection of essays and addresses on the subject written or delivered over a period of some thirty years.

More than most women Elizabeth I was a mass of contradictions. Widely read and an accomplished linguist, she could yet out-swear any of her sea-captains. Open and bluff in many ways, like her father, she had all the coquetry of her mother, Anne Boleyn, combined with the craft and parsimony of her grandfather Henry VII. She certainly did not mince her words on occasion. Bacon, the author reminds us, tells how Thomas Seckford, a Master of Requests, who had been many times disappointed in his attempts to secure an audience, came at last into the Queen's presence wearing a pair of new boots. "Fie, sloven," said Elizabeth, who disliked the smell of new leather, "thy new boots stink." "Madam," answered Seckford, "it is not my new boots that stink, but it is the stale bills that I have kept so long." As the author puts it, "She could show a coarse and venomous tongue on occasions."

Yet, in common with all the Tudors, she possessed a magnetism that rallied men to her in the hour of danger. "I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman," she told the troops assembled at Tilbury to resist the Armada, "but I have the heart of a King, and of a King of England too; and think it foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms." Her sister, Mary, had not been deficient in this quality, and at the most dangerous moment of Wyatt's rebellion she had turned the tide in her favour by appealing in person at Guildhall to the loyalty of her subjects. The Sovereigns of England had need of such attributes in the sixteenth century, for whatever may be the case to-day the English were not then remarkable for their moderation and love of justice. There were innumerable precedents, some of relatively recent date, for the murder and deposition of Kings, and the Government had no regular army or police force upon which to lean for support. To appreciate the achievement of Elizabeth I we must never forget that she reigned over the most turbulent people in Western Europe.

None of the Tudors was ever really safe on the throne, with the possible exception of Elizabeth I during the last fifteen years of her life. Henry VII had to encounter the groundswell of the Wars of the Roses, and this force had by no means spent itself by the date of his death; Henry VIII had in addition to deal with the

difficulties and disorders caused by his religious policy; the reigns of Edward VI and Mary I can only be described as chaotic; and Elizabeth I was never for a moment free from the rivalry of Mary, Queen of Scots, until the latter's execution in 1587.

Indeed, when the subject of this study came to the throne she was in much the same predicament as that in which her grandfather had found himself on the morrow of Bosworth. The country was rent by civil strife, and her own claim to the crown was disputed in many quarters, though it is true that there was no serious rival actually on English soil: in short, much of the work of the first Tudor had to be done again. On the other hand, the Queen enjoyed two very considerable advantages for which some readers may feel that Professor Neale has made insufficient allowance. In the first place, Philip II was for many years unable to make any direct move against her, for this might easily have resulted in her replacement by Mary, Queen of Scots, which would have represented a triumph for France; and in the second, the success of the Reformation in Scotland

The Queen also well knew how to appeal to the imagination of those to whom she was writing letters, and such phrases as—to Lord Willoughby de Eresby at the end of a formal epistle—"Good peregrin suppose not that your travail and labours are not gratefully accepted and shalbe ever kept in good memorye" must have atoned for a great deal of neglect on the part of her ministers.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: PROFESSOR SIR JOHN ERNEST NEALE.

Professor Neale, one of the world's foremost specialists in Elizabethan history, was born in 1890. He was appointed Professor of Modern History at Manchester University in 1925 and Professor of English History, London University, in 1927. This appointment he held until he retired in 1956, after which he became Professor Emeritus. Among his publications are "Queen Elizabeth I," which was awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize in 1934; "The Elizabethan House of Commons," and "Elizabeth I and Her Parliaments," published in two volumes. He was knighted in 1955.

The author is, however, something of an iconoclast, and he will not let us have the story that once, after Elizabeth had "greatlie feasted" with Archbishop Parker and his wife, she took her leave of her hostess with the words, "And you, Madam I may not call you, and Mistris I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you, but yet I do thanke you." On the other hand, Professor Neale quotes with apparent approval Sir Robert Cecil's observation that she "was more than a man, and (in troth) sometymes less than a woman."

So we approach the last years of the reign. The Queen has been blamed for not making more attempts to follow up her victory over the Armada, but it may well be that she was wiser than her critics; her country's resources were extremely scanty, and in spite of one or two minor triumphs it was clear that the secret of sending English forces overseas successfully had not yet been learnt. It may even be that in the old woman's shrewd brain there existed a belief that Spain was beginning to decline, and that it was no part of England's business to pave the way for the ascendancy of Bourbon France. The Queen's reluctance to face the question of the succession is well known, and Professor Neale is of the opinion that she never did explicitly name a successor, so perhaps some credence should be attached

to the story that when the Council did once persuade her to listen to the names of possible candidates she burst out, "I will have no rascal's son in my seat," though to whom she referred even legend is not quite clear.

As long as she could she faced death with the same courage she had always shown, and almost her last official act was to receive the Venetian Ambassador in public audience, covered with ropes of pearls, and to harangue him at length in excellent Italian. To the end she would not give way, and all day she lay fully dressed and propped on cushions on the floor. "Madam," implored Cecil, "you must go to bed." "Little man, little man," was the instant retort, "is *must* a word to be used to princes?" I hope Professor Neale will not grudge us that story.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1156 of this issue.



A DETAIL FROM AN ILLUMINATED CROWN DOCUMENT DATED JULY 1559. IT IS OF PARTICULAR INTEREST ON ACCOUNT OF ITS DATE, AND SINCE IT DEPICTS QUEEN ELIZABETH I WHILE SHE WAS STILL IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HER REIGN.

Reproduced by courtesy of the London Museum. This illustration does not appear in the book under review.

rendered that country more amenable to English influence than had been the case in the past.

It is perhaps when the author is dealing with Elizabeth as a woman rather than as a Queen that he is at his best, and he has selected several instances of that "common touch" which unquestionably accounted for so much of her popularity.

At Sandwich she flattered her citizen hostesses at a banquet by taking their food without the usual preliminary tasting, and then had some of the dishes reserved for her and sent to her lodging, a compliment as supreme as it was womanly. There was a similarly incomparable touch at Norwich in 1578. The schoolmaster was very ill at ease at having to make a speech. "Be not afayde," said Elizabeth, and afterwards she purchased a loyal heart at the cost of a small lie, for she told him that it was the best speech ever she had heard. Nor did she stop there. After the Court party had moved on she sent deliberately back to know the schoolmaster's name, capping her conventional courtesies in a way of which she alone was mistress.

\* "Essays in Elizabethan History." By Professor J. E. Neale. (Jonathan Cape; 18s.)



# THE QUEEN'S PERSONAL JEWELLERY TO BE SHOWN AT CHRISTIE'S.



THE QUEEN'S PINK DIAMOND BROOCH, KNOWN AS THE "WILLIAMSON PINK." THE RARE CENTRAL STONE WAS PRESENTED TO HER FOR HER WEDDING. PINK DIAMONDS ARE VERY RARE.

(Approx. actual size.)  
(Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)

THE BROOCH MADE UP OF THE THIRD AND FOURTH PART OF THE FAMOUS CULLINAN DIAMOND.  
(Approx. actual size.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has graciously permitted certain items of her personal jewellery to be included in the exhibition, "The Ageless Diamond," at Christie's from January 9 until January 28. This exhibition is in aid of the National Playing Fields Association and the Children's Country Holidays Fund. Among the four items from the Queen's personal jewellery probably the most outstanding is the brooch made from parts of the fabulous Cullinan diamond, on display to the public for the first time. The Cullinan diamond, discovered in South Africa in 1905, was originally 3025½ carats, more than three times the size of any known diamond. It was purchased by the Transvaal Government in 1907 and presented to King Edward VII in the same year. In 1908 it was cut in Amsterdam into nine stones. The largest is now in the Sceptre; the second in the Imperial State Crown. This brooch consists of the third and fourth parts.

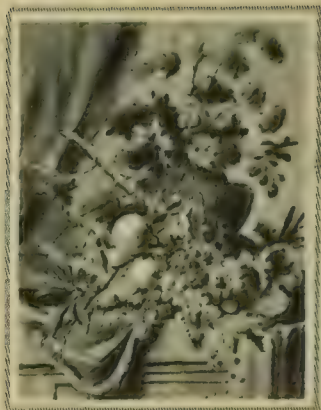


THE NECKLACE AND BRACELET WHICH THE QUEEN ALWAYS REFERS TO AS HER "BEST DIAMONDS." THEY WERE A TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY PRESENT. (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S TIARA, A PRESENT TO HER ON HER SILVER WEDDING IN 1881 AND OFTEN WORN BY QUEEN MARY. THE QUEEN FIRST WORE IT DURING HER 1953-54 NEW ZEALAND TOUR. (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)





# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



## SEEDS FROM THE CHRISTMAS DINNER TABLE

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IT must have been a dozen or more years ago that I planted a grapefruit pip, harvested from the debris of our Christmas dinner table. To-day it is a shapely little tree, bushy, and a couple of feet tall. It lives in a 9-in. pot, spending its summers standing out in the garden, and its winters in our cool, stone-flagged larder, which originally was the dairy. Why exactly I sowed that pip I have no idea, except that I have an odd habit of for ever planting odd seeds, especially of trees and shrubs, for no very definite reason except that it amuses me to do so. I rather wish now that it had been a tangerine orange pip, for I feel that would have stood a better chance of flowering and fruiting within an astronomical period of time. As it is, my grapefruit has never shown the slightest inclination to flower or fruit, and I feel that even if it did, the huge pale fruits would look strangely out of scale on so small a tree. Probably my best plan would be to obtain a scion of some good small-fruited variety of orange, or of a tangerine, and graft it on to my absurd little grapefruit tree. Meanwhile, it does fulfil one useful purpose. It stands all summer on a hideous iron manhole-cover in the middle of a small lawn close to the house, and so forms a pleasant camouflage to that typical builder's outrage.

it is no use expecting, or hoping, that the resulting trees will produce worthwhile fruit. As a matter of fact, I have known innumerable cases of seedling fruit trees, especially peaches, which produced fruit of absolutely first-class quality, and anyway, even if the seedling apple,

pear, plum or peach tree should produce only second- or even third-rate-quality fruit, one can, at any rate, regard the trees as flowering trees, and what is lovelier than any one of these in blossom? Alternatively, they could be used as hosts over which to set a clematis or a honeysuckle to ramble.

Carlsbad plums, yes. I do not think the special process of drying to produce Carlsbads would preclude their stones' germinating. I have assisted in the drying of ordinary prunes on a fruit farm in South Africa. We dipped the plums in a hot solution of soda, dipped in and out, for no more than a second or two so as to crack the skins. But there was no question of cooking them.

Most of the nuts that are about at Christmas seem to have become so dry as to have almost certainly lost all chance of germinating. Many of them have apparently been kilned. Certainly many walnuts have. Almonds might still be viable, especially if they are in their shells. The Barcelona nuts—cousins of our cobs and filberts—which I have bought recently have had terribly dry and shrivelled kernels. A better bet would be English-grown cobs and filberts, and also, of course, home-grown walnuts.

Apart from the dried raisins which go so well with almonds, there are always fresh grapes about at Christmas, so that a few pips might be sown. A young seedling vine is most attractive, and later it might be treated as a climber in the garden, or, living in a pot on a balcony, it might be trained up the house wall. But even if the seedling vine is to have no hereafter, the mere raising of it from a pip will have had its special interest. A plant raised and grown from scratch has an interest and a charm, quite distinct from the charm of some plant bought in flower at the florist's shop, and destined for the dustbin directly its season of flower is over.

Another interesting subject for pip-planting is the huge stone from an avocado pear, a stone as big as a hen's egg. The stone may be started, suspended over a jar of water, and so arranged that perhaps a third or a quarter of it is actually in the water. It will germinate in the normal temperature of an ordinary living-room, and may be planted and grown in a pot of soil.

I heard recently of a delightful happening in connection with pip-planting from a Christmas dinner table. A family of five children and their parents embarked upon a competition as to which of them could raise the best set of six plants, all raised from pips and stones from the Christmas dinner table. The young plants were to be grown on separately, one of each sort, in pots, and were to be judged at the following Christmas. There were seven prizes, nicely graded to meet the varying merits of the exhibits, apples (two sorts), pear, orange, tangerine, date. That was last Christmas. To my regret I have lost sight of, and touch with, the family. Perhaps if they happen to read this article they will send me a postcard giving the results.



AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH A CHRISTMAS "PIP": A YEAR-OLD AVOCADO PEAR TREE.

Avocado pears in English greengrocers' shops come from various sources—South Africa, Malaya, and the West Indies among others—and are of varying types and hardiness. Some forms are narrow-leaved, like the willow, and one plant of this variety survived the winter of 1957-58 in an unprotected plunge-bed in London—but only just.

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THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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What, then, are the seeds, the stones and the pips, that may be harvested from our Christmas dinner tables as ammunition for a little mild pip-planting? Date stones are very easy to raise and grow in the temperature of the average living-room. They send up a single stiff, narrow leaf, and then, later, palm-like leaves—but no, they are palm leaves. But I must confess that I have never got beyond the first twelve or eighteen months with my date palms. Nevertheless I recommend date stones, plus patience over many years. Then figs. As far as I know, there is nothing in the process of producing the ordinary dried figs that we eat other than sun drying, so one might experiment with a few of those horrible little instruments of torture, and a young fig tree in a pot should make quite an attractive room or balcony plant.

Apples, pears and plums are all obvious and easy to raise and manage, especially if there is a nice garden in the background in which the seedling trees might be planted out eventually. But do not be discouraged. Folk seem never to tire of telling us that in raising an apple, a pear, a plum or a peach from pip or stone,





DUNGENESS POINT, A UNIQUE PENINSULA OF SHINGLE. PROPOSALS FOR A NUCLEAR POWER STATION HERE ARE OPPOSED BY THE NATURE CONSERVANCY.



THE LIGHTHOUSE AT DUNGENESS POINT, NEAR THE PROPOSED SITE. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE REMARKABLE FOLDS OF SHINGLE WHICH HAVE FORMED OVER A PERIOD OF HUNDREDS OF YEARS AS THE SEA HAS RECEDED.

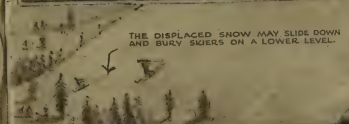
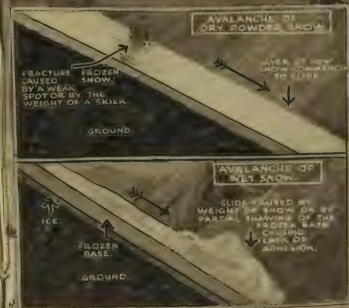
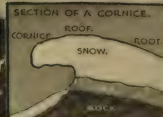
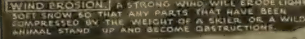
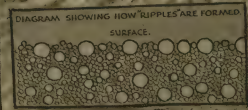
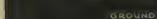
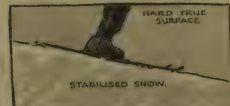
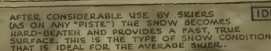
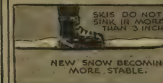
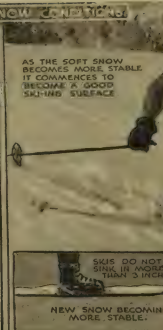
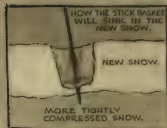
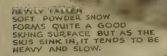
#### NATURE RESERVE OR NUCLEAR POWER STATION? DUNGENESS POINT, THE SCENE OF BITTER CONFLICT.

On December 16 a public enquiry opened at Lydd, Kent, to examine the conflicting issues over Dungeness Point, a nearby stretch of extensive shingle which is the proposed site of a new nuclear power station. These issues are straightforward. On one side, the nation has to be equipped with up-to-date sources of power. These power stations must be near the sea and close to large areas of population. The Nature Conservancy has pointed out, on the

other hand, that the 220 acres in question, already beset by an artillery range and bungalows, is vital both as a nature reserve and for the study of physiography, the effects of the sea on the land. Apparently, the new power station would obliterate for ever the ridges of shingle which are vital evidence in this study. The Director-General of the Nature Conservancy has also pointed to the existence of a more suitable site in north Kent.



**Now Available**



SNOW CONDITIONS FOR THE SKIER: HAZARDS THAT MAY BE ENCOUNTERED DURING THE COMING WINTER-SPORTS SEASON.

Every winter a growing number of people flee from the "smog" and the sleet of England and make for the Alps. Every spring there are more bronzed faces and more limbs in plaster. This annual migration has become a familiar sight on London stations; clusters of oddly-clad men and women in gay sweaters, skull-caps and expansive boots, labouring under haversacks and skis, their pockets stuffed with goggles and sun-cream. Since the war, in fact, winter sports have been brought within the reach of large sections of the English population, and each season new ski-lifts, cable-cars, hotels and modern bars spring up all over France, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, and

Italy, to accommodate this swelling demand for the sun and the snow. Skiing is a sport of endless variety and countless hazards. Snow in the Alps is as varied and unpredictable as the people who ski on it. Every skier must at some time have encountered the sudden ice-crust which makes him feel like an accelerating tea-tray, or the invisible snowdrift which snatches him from under him. These are just two of the hazards of the mountains, the annual winter-sports season. The illustrations here show a few of these snow conditions, and how the skier may recognise, avoid or cope with them. It is difficult to define

an ideal snow condition: so much depends on one's age, proficiency and courage. Furthermore, it is disconcerting to watch an expert perform brilliantly on the most abominable snow, guiding himself with a few effortless flicks of his ankles. But generally speaking, the most satisfactory surface is one of packed powder snow, soft enough to grip the skis when turning, but reasonably firm enough to allow the greatest freedom of movement. The second best is the "fallen powder snow," which is mainly soft and sparkling, but is apt to lie in drifts which submerge the unwary. Equally disconcerting are the different forms of melting snow. These vary from pure slush or "sog" to numerous unpleasant

phenomena caused by rapid melting and re-freezing. Under these conditions the snow may become coarse and icy, or else form a hard, irregular surface which makes the skier feel he is riding a bicycle over cobbles. Snow which has been deeply eroded by wind is both the most spectacular to look at and the most difficult to ski over. The worst form is "Skavler," a word used to describe the continuous impact of driven snow against hardened snow. This produces a rutted, unpredictable surface. Short of an impending avalanche, there is probably no snow-condition which the skier would do better to avoid. (Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with expert advice.)





I RECOMMEND a wonderfully light-hearted, nostalgic, Christmassy exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, as just the thing for a holiday afternoon for both children and their elders—an exhibition of toys and table games, mostly from the first half of the nineteenth century. When I arrived there a search was being made for a small child who could be shown on TV; one was produced without undue delay, so the grown-ups present were able to watch a girl of four absorbed in watching acrobats turning over and over on an inclined plane, and



"THE NEW GAME OF THE JEW": THE PLAYING SHEET OF ONE OF THE MANY EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY CHILDREN'S GAMES ON EXHIBITION AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. IT IS HAND-COLOURED AND DATES FROM c. 1807.

The exhibition of Toys and Table Games now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum gives a delightful picture of how children were instructed and amused in the early nineteenth century. The heaviest emphasis is laid on elaborate moral teaching, with games like "The Road to the Temple of Knowledge" and "The Mansion of Bliss." "The Pleasures of Astronomy" and others have a more scientific aim. Flippancy is a rare quality; even the game of dressing Phoebe, the Cottage Maid, is more serious than it sounds. Most of the exhibition consists of a collection formed by Mr. Raymond Barnett.

other delights which had been enjoyed by her great- and may be great-great-grandmothers. The two acrobats were in a frame, the outside tubes of which, I was told, contained mercury; the mercury descended, a spring was released (I hope I've got that right!), and over and over went the acrobats. Date about 1870, and a wonderfully satisfying marvel.

The majority of the games to be seen are parlour games of a very ingenious sort, most of them cleverly teaching something or other, whether geography or morality, with occasionally a bias towards snobbery. One can be fairly sure that Dr. Watts, the Evangelical hymn-writer, would have approved. There are some admirable cut-outs for small dress-conscious females. La Poupée Modèle—a cut-out of a woman in her petticoat—was sold with five day dresses and four headdresses, while an elaborate German cut-out of about 1840, called "The Ranks of the Female Sex," consisted of two petticoated women, with twelve costumes suited to various classes. A snob game, but with more than a hint of satire, was called "Fancy Bazaar or Aristocratic Traders," and consisted of a series of cards, some printed with the various objects of the

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### CHILDREN'S TOYS AND GAMES OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

Charity Bazaar, and very worthy objects, too: For the Purpose of Helping the National Debt, For the Acclimatisation Society (what was that? It sounds as if it might have something to do with Kew Gardens), and For a Bridge from Dover to Calais. Much better than a tunnel, say I. The rules seemed elaborate and I had no time to read them, but it was pleasant to make the acquaintance of the very amusing drawings of the fashionable ladies who were stallholders—among them Viscountess Pumicestone, Mrs. Plausible, Lady Very-Soft and the Duchess of Otherland.

Jigsaws were popular, though not nearly so elaborate as the modern variety, nor was the modern term used. Maps were evidently favourites and were called "Europe Dissected," and so on—an excellent way of teaching geography, I should imagine: "John Gilpin Dissected" was an example of the less obviously educational kind. A sort of Snakes and Ladders game—"A New, Moral and Entertaining Game"—lands one (or, rather, the winner only) in a large rustic thatched house called "The Mansion of Happiness," after the avoidance of some pretty formidable pitfalls: penalty so many points if you tumble in. For very small children there are delightful picture blocks, one of them dated very definitely to 1851 by its subject, "All the World and His Wife at the Great Exhibition"; another—also to the 1850's—"Russia versus Turkey." There is a card game, "The Visit to Paris," whose rules I failed to note, but which was graced by some delightful coloured cards and by the silliest possible little rhymes which jingled absurdly in the head, "I am only fit to lie or sit," i.e., crossing the Channel, and, on arrival in Paris, "Une jolie femme, which of them?" There is a Magic Lantern of 1840 and, wonderfully ingenious, a French invention of 1855 called a "Polyorama Panoptique," in which a coloured view of, say, the Rue de Rivoli (just as it is to-day except for the traffic) is to be seen either by day or night, according to whether you obscure a lamp with a shutter and allow daylight in through the top, or close the top and remove the shutter; nothing could be more romantic, especially the night scene.

The greater part of the toys and games to be seen was presented to the Museum recently by an anonymous donor, and consists of the collection formed by Mr. Raymond Barnett between 1930 and 1954. I was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Barnett that morning and he told me that, while he was building it up gradually, he kept it in drawers and had never seen it properly displayed until that morning; for him very much of an occasion, with one regret—that the complementary half of the collection—that is, children's books as distinct from children's parlour games—which had given him no less pleasure to acquire, had been bought for California and was no longer available. It is odd to learn that until quite recently the social historian, by definition a person eager to dig out every possible evidence as to what people thought, not so much publicly as privately, took little or no notice of such sources of information as these. Yet these games reflect the climate of opinion of their day with great clarity; they are morally earnest, uncommonly practical—the map jigsaws, for example—and occasionally revoltingly smug. One or two seemed to me to be extremely difficult, notably one of the year 1801, designed to teach the elements of musical notation; but that was exceptional, and

the great majority, with their ingenious visual associations, are extremely well adapted for the varying ages for which they are designed. I doubt whether the modern student of a child's likes and dislikes has made as much progress as he fondly believes.

Many of the games in the collection were acquired in country towns, among them Tewkesbury, where Mr. Barnett, in 1941, came upon a small haberdasher's shop with a box of children's cards displayed in the window. On entering the shop he found that the proprietor, a Miss Reeves, was the grandniece of the man who had opened the shop as long ago as 1846 as a Fancy Repository (At the Sign of the Civet Cat). A good deal of the old stock was still in being! Mr. Barnett, during the course of the next three years, bought about fifty items from this source, including a clockwork train, German, about 1850, and the Anorthoscope, a rare variety, c. 1842, of the early motion-picture toy. In 1944 Miss Reeves died at the age of eighty-three, and during the disposal of her estate the remainder of the Fancy Repository was thrown into the dustbin and destroyed.

I take it that the game of Happy Families is not wholly unknown to the modern infant; in the exhibition—from another source—is an early issue of a set of about 1860, with illustrations reproduced from designs by Sir John Tenniel. The museum points out that the manufacture of table-games during these years was closely allied to the art of book-illustration, first by means of engraving, then—after 1830—through the new-fangled process of lithography. Some of the vignettes and decorations printed on paper and mounted on linen in the board-games were just as carefully executed as those to be found in popular books—and one or two, I noticed, had



"THE ZOETROPE" OR "WHEEL OF LIFE." THIS INGENUOUS GAME FROM THE SAME EXHIBITION IS A SLOTTED DRUM WHICH REVOLVES, GIVING THE IMPRESSION OF A PRIMITIVE MOVING FILM. THE EXHIBITION CLOSES ON MARCH 5.

been coloured by hand, a not infrequent practice in the days when labour was disgracefully cheap and colour printing, except for expensive limited editions, in its infancy. But while the exhibition is of the greatest interest for the social historian, student of printing and student of popular art alike, I still feel that it must have a compelling appeal to the old and young of to-day who may not have any knowledge of these high matters, but who cannot possibly fail to respond to this vivid evocation of the childhood of our immediate predecessors.



# "TRULY ROYAL" PERSIAN GOLD: SOME RECENTLY FOUND MASTERPIECES.



FIG. 1. "TRULY A ROYAL PIECE": A SPLendid GOLD BOWL OF SUPERB AchæMENIAN WORK, PERHAPS FROM HAMADAN—WITH A MEDALLION OF WILD GOATS. (Weight, 2.05 kg.; diam, 13 ins. [.33 m.] )

PROFESSOR P. AMANDRY, of the University of Strasbourg, writes: "Darius, Xerxes and other kings of the Achæmenid dynasty, like all the other eastern rulers, loved luxury and pomp. In the palaces of the Great King, at Susa, Persepolis, Ecbatana, and Babylon, there was most sumptuous decoration, of which we have some knowledge, thanks to an inscription found at Susa, in which Darius enumerates the people who have contributed to the construction of his palace and the precious materials supplied by the provinces of the empire: cedar from Lebanon, lapis lazuli from Sogdiana, turquoise from Chorasmia, silver and copper from Egypt, ivory from Ethiopia and Arachosia, gold from Lydia and Bactria, and so forth. The furniture, the hangings and the plate were all in keeping with this high standard. The king and his suite kept up this luxury when they went to war. The picked soldiers of the Royal guard, even when in battle, wore armlets and collars of gold. The harness of the horses was enriched with gold and silver. The most detailed description of the pomp of the headquarters of the Persian Army when on a campaign has been left to us by a Greek historian. When Xerxes returned to Asia after the battle of Salamis, he left his own tent to Mardonius, together with the command of the army which stayed in Greece. In the following year the Greeks captured the tent on the plain of Bœotia, after their victory at Plataea. It was a real camp of 'the Field of the Cloth of Gold.' Herodotus has described the wonder of the Greeks before the tapestries embroidered with gold, the beds inlaid with gold, the basins, the jugs and cups of gold which



FIG. 2. ALSO FROM THE "FIND OF HAMADAN": TWO GOLD WHETSTONE HANDLES, ONE SHOWING A RAM, THE OTHER A LION'S HEAD.

filled the chests, the swords, armlets and collars of gold which were removed from the corpses. Few objects have survived from the treasures of Achæmenian Persia. Only low quality fragments were found in the ruins of the Palace of Persepolis, which was burnt by the soldiers of Alexander. Up to now the excavations at Susa have been less fruitful for the Achæmenian period than for earlier periods; though one tomb contained some fine jewels. The 'Treasure of the Oxus,' acquired by the British Museum at the end of the last century, comprises the most important group of [Continued overleaf.



## NEWLY-FOUND ACHÆMENIAN GOLD AND SILVER.

(Continuation of Professor Amandry's article from the previous page.)

Achæmenian goldsmith's work; but, except for one small golden jug, it consists only of jewellery. An important find of jewels and vases in precious metals has been made recently in Iran, under conditions of which little is known. During the last ten years, *rhyta* in the form of lions, bowls inscribed with the name of Darius or Xerxes, other golden vases, as well as daggers, armlets and gold bracteates, have been entering museums and private collections; notably the museum of the Oriental Institute of Chicago University, Cincinnati Art Museum, the Metropolitan Museum, New York (*I.L.N.*, April 16, 1955), Teheran Museum (*I.L.N.*, July 21, 1956). It has been stated that the find was made on the site of ancient Ecbatana, now occupied by the city of Hamadan. This claim, though impossible to verify, is plausible. Ecbatana was the capital of Media. On the approach of the army of Alexander part of the treasure of the palace might have been hidden there. It is also possible that it was at Ecbatana that Alexander assembled the booty resulting from the sacking of the principal Achæmenian cities.

"Among the objects illustrated here—of those which are in two private collections in Switzerland, one at Basle and the other at Geneva—three originate from the find of Hamadan. One gold bowl, measuring 13 ins. in diameter and weighing 2.05 kg. (Fig. 1), is decorated round the circumference with twenty-six long and pointed *alveoli*. This motif is common among the silver and bronze bowls of the Achæmenian period. The middle of the bowl is convex, as is customary, but, instead of a simple *omphalos*, there is a medallion, 5½ ins. in diameter, with a *repoussé* decoration of two wild goats back to back, with their horns interlocked. As always in the animal art of this period details observed and rendered with precision, such as the nodes of the horns and the joints of the paws, are found side by side with others that are strongly stylised, like the flanks or the pure fantasy of the beautifully curled beards. This is truly a Royal piece, both in its weight and in its execution, probably the work of one of the goldsmiths attached to the court.

"Two pieces, more modest in their dimensions and weight, are not, however, of a lesser technical quality. These are small cylinders of gold terminating in the heads of animals—in one case a ram and the other a lion (Fig. 2). At the other end, decorated with filigree and granulated collars, the cylinder is pierced by two or four holes for the passage of one or two pins: these are handles for whetstones, such as are known from numerous examples among the Luristan bronzes.

"It is not certain that a silver vase (Fig. 12) belongs to the same discovery. The belly is decorated with sixty-four godroons alternating with ovals, following the system used in the decoration of the cups. On the shoulder there unrolls a frieze of flowers and buds of lotus resting on a double twist. The rim of the mouth is decorated with a double twist and a *guilloché*. All the elements of this décor are in the Assyrian tradition, as are the two bulls which serve as handles. With their hind legs stretched, tail laid against the legs, forelegs bent and supported by the knees on the rim of the vase, these two animals harmoniously prolong the curve of the lower part of the vase. On the head, the breast and the belly details are shown in schematic fashion by incised

lines. With their little horns, their short ears, their wide elongated eyes, these bulls have a simplicity and vivacity not usually found in the official art of the Achæmenid capitals. Either the vase comes from a provincial workshop where the court style has not made its influence felt, or it is earlier than the age of Darius and Xerxes in which the official style developed. In this case it should be put back to the sixth century B.C.

"The same type of handles, in the shape of bounding animals with bent forelegs, had been used in the Achæmenid period in another series of vases, which derive from the amphora for their shape and from the pitcher for their use. In fact, one of the two handles is hollow and the liquid contained in the vase pours through a spout on the back of the animal. In the great frieze

The handles, which were in a poor condition when found, show an animal which is specifically Persian: a lion-griffin with ibex horns.

"Two other examples have been found recently. One, in bronze, shows two distinct features (Fig. 4): the handles are dissimilar, both in structure and in decoration. The vase was found in fragments, but its shape, and the fact that the two handles belong to the same vase, are both equally established. The handle which carries the spout is thicker than the other; it is in the form of a bull, while the other shows an ibex. Both in style and in the incised decoration which is in parallel bands, alternately smooth and cross-hatched, on the neck, on the head, on the horns, the two handles show affinities, on the one side, with the bronzes of Luristan, on the other, with the bronze animal figurines of the eighth and seventh centuries B.C., found in Greece, but whose Oriental origin is not in question. It seems, then, at first sight, that we have here an ancestor

of the Achæmenian spouted amphoras. Still, this vase was found in Syria with other objects all dating from the Achæmenian period. Unless, therefore, an ancient object had been kept to this later period, the vase must be the product of a provincial workshop with a conservative tradition.

"The other vase is in silver (Fig. 8). It was found in the south of Persia, broken into several pieces, but complete. As on the Persepolis frieze the belly is fluted (with fifty-

two flutes) and a circlet of tongues decorates the base of the collar. The handles are in the form of winged horses. The wings are marked with three rows of feathers which stand out in light relief on the cylindrical handles, as do the hind feet and the tail. A knob, decorated with a carved rosette, stands on the head of each of the animals; it is a detail common to the arts of the Near East and adopted by Greek art, since the eighth century B.C., notably in the figures of griffins. The mane is dressed *en brosse* and shown by engraved lines, fine and close together. But at the base of the neck, it spreads over all the neck and shoulders—on one of the horses, in the form of a large oval plaque, in the other (which carries the pouring spout) in three long-pointed tresses hanging on each side. Without doubt we can recognise here a feature which the Scythians have transmitted to the art of Achæmenian Persia. Indeed, the Scythians always allowed three tresses of hair to hang on the shoulders of their horses, which they grasped in mounting.

"The existence, in Achæmenian fine metalwork, of another type of vase, closely linked with the preceding, has been revealed by the recent discovery of an example in silver, parcel gilt, made in Turkey, on the shores of the Black Sea, perhaps, in the region of Sinope or Trebizond (Figs. 9-11). This, in form and use, has aspects of both amphora and *rhyton*. Briefly, the base is not flat but rounded slightly. It is decorated with a gilded rosette. This same décor is found under the base of the spouted amphora of Duvanli, under that of the silver amphora with the winged horses, under the bronze buckets of Luristan, under that of the golden bowls of New York and Teheran which bear the names of Xerxes and Darius. The liquid runs out, at the bottom part of the vase, by two gilded spouts, of rather stumpy-like shape with an aperture of 4 mm. diameter, which would be corked with a wooden pin. The vase alone, without the handles, is 11½ ins. (29 cm.) high. To the top of the ibexes's horns the height is 14½ ins. (37 cm.). The belly has fifty-two flutes, the same number [Continued opposite.



FIG. 3. A SECTION OF THE PERSEPOLIS FRIEZE, SHOWING PEOPLES OF THE ACHÆMENIAN EMPIRE BRINGING TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT KING. IN THE CENTRE CAN BE SEEN THREE LYDIANS (? SYRIANS) CARRYING SPOUTED AMPHORAS (FIG. 5), CUPS AND GRIFFIN-HEADED BRACELETS.



FIG. 4. FOUND IN SYRIA RECENTLY AND ONE OF ONLY THREE SPOUTED AMPHORAS KNOWN. IT IS OF BRONZE AND REMARKABLE IN THAT THE HANDLES ARE DISSIMILAR. (Height, 7½ ins. [20 cm.].)



FIG. 5. A DETAIL FROM FIG. 3, SHOWING ONE OF THE SPOUTED AMPHORAS IN THE PERSEPOLIS RELIEF.

In this example the handles are winged bulls. In another part of the frieze an Armenian is seen carrying a spouted amphora without flutes, the handles of which represent winged griffins.

of Persepolis, where the delegations of the peoples of the Empire come to offer to the Great King the products of their province, vases of this type are twice shown. A spouted amphora, polished all over, with handles in the form of griffins, is carried by a man, wearing a three-pointed bonnet, clothed in a tunic caught into the figure by a girdle, and with long trousers and sandals—from which we identify him as an Armenian. In another delegation (Fig. 3) three personages each carry two pieces of goldsmiths' work: one holds two bracelets with griffin heads, another two cups, the third two spouted amphoras, of which the handles are in the form of a winged bull, turning back its head (Fig. 5). These three persons wear chitons which fall to the middle of the calf. Over the chiton a mantle is thrown which covers the left shoulder and passes under the right armpit. They wear pointed turbans and boots with turned-up toes. These personages, whom E. Herzfeld identifies as Syrians, R. D. Barnett suggests should be recognised as Lydians.

"Until recently we knew only one example of this type of vase: a silver amphora discovered in the necropolis of Duvanli, in Bulgaria (Fig. 6).



# A SUPERB AMPHORA OF SILVER, PARCEL GILT;



FIG. 6. UNTIL RECENTLY THE ONLY KNOWN SPOUTED AMPHORA: THE SILVER-SPOUTED AMPHORA FOUND AT DUVANLI, BULGARIA.



FIG. 7. A WINGED IBEX HANDLE, SILVER, PARCEL GILT PROBABLY FROM ARMENIA, NOW IN THE LOUVRE. ITS PAIR IS IN BERLIN. (Height, 10½ ins. [27 cm.] )

# AND OTHER TREASURES OF ACHÆMENIAN PERSIA.



FIG. 8. RECENTLY FOUND IN SOUTHERN PERSIA AND ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE SPOUTED AMPHORA. (Silver, 6½ ins. high [16 cm.] )



FIG. 9. RECENTLY DISCOVERED AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED: A SUPERB AMPHORA-RHYTON OF SILVER, PARCEL GILT, WITH IBEX HANDLES. (Total height, 14½ ins. [37 cm.] )



FIGS. 10 AND 11. DETAILS OF THE TWO IBEX HANDLES OF THE SILVER AMPHORA-RHYTON (FIG. 9). THE BANDS ON THE HORNS ARE GILDED, AS ARE THE EYEBROWS, THE TUFT ON THE BROW, THE POINT OF THE MUZZLE, THE EARS, THE COLLAR AND THE BEARD. ALSO GILDED ARE THE TAIL, AND CURLS ON THE SPINE.



FIG. 12. A NEW AND SPLENDID DISCOVERY OF UNCERTAIN ORIGIN: A SILVER VASE WITH BULL HANDLES IN THE ASSYRIAN TRADITION. (Full height, 6½ ins. [16 cm.] )

*Continued.* as are found on the silver winged-horse amphora and the columns of the Palace of Persepolis, and double the number of the alveoles on the gold cup with the ibexes. The two ibexes, 8½ ins. (21 cm.) high, bound with a light and graceful vivacity. The hoofs and the articulations of the legs are gilded, as are the bands on the horns, the eyebrows, a tuft of hair on the brow, the point of the muzzle, the ears, the collar and the beard, and the tail. Also gilded are the pointed and incurved locks of hair, finely ribbed, which are disposed on the whole length of the body, here and there along the spine. Other similar locks, on the breast, are not gilded. This vase is one of the masterpieces of goldsmiths' work of all time. It must have belonged to a notable of the region or to a satrap who governed the province in the name of the Great King. It was perhaps a vase of the same type which was adorned by two identical handles, one of which is now in the collection of the Berlin Museum, while the other is in the Louvre (Fig. 7). These were reputedly found in Armenia. The winged ibexes are in silver, parcel gilt. They are probably a little later in date than the preceding. The vase shown here helps one to understand the origin of the type of amphora which was found in the gold treasure of Panagurishte, in Bulgaria (*I.L.N.*, December 11, 1954). The shape is identical and in the base are

the two orifices decorated with lion heads. But the decoration of the belly of the Panagurishte vase is borrowed from Greek mythology." (The objects shown in these pages are from the following collections: Figs. 1, 4, 9-12, Private Collection, Geneva; Fig. 6, Sofia Museum; Fig. 7, the Louvre; Figs. 2 and 8, Collection E.B., Basle. Photographs are by: Figs. 3 and 5, Oriental Institute, Chicago; Figs. 9-11, Alice Bommer; Fig. 12, Hinz; Fig. 1, Boissonnas; Fig. 2 Dietrich Widmer.)



# JAN STEEN, A GREAT PAINTER OF THE COMIC AND EXHIBITION OF HIS WORKS



"THE PEN-WRITER": ONE OF THE FIFTY-FOUR PAINTINGS BY THE DUTCH ARTIST JAN STEEN (1626-1679), NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE HAGUE UNTIL FEBRUARY 16. (Private coll., Gt. Britain.)

to all lovers of Dutch pictures. Steen was the son of a brewer, and later in life he owned a tavern. One is frequently reminded of these two facts when looking at Steen's paintings. His is a different world from that of Hals and even of de Hooch. His interest lay in the lower (Continued opposite.)

THE exhibition of fifty-four paintings by Jan Steen (1626-1679), on view at The Mauritshuis, The Hague, until February 16, is the first to be arranged by the J. M. van Nassau Foundation. This small and delightful collection of works by the Dutch painter has been aimed principally to attract the people of Holland, because so many of Steen's works are outside Holland, mainly in Great Britain. Nevertheless it will certainly be of great interest



"THE DISSOLUTE HOUSEHOLD": A CHARACTERISTIC WORK BY STEEN, SHOWING THE MORE JOVIAL AND DISREPUTABLE SIDE OF FAMILY LIFE. STEEN HIMSELF OWNED A TAVERN. (Aptley House, London.)



"THE SCHOOL": AN AMUSING PAINTING, RICH IN DETAIL. CHILDREN WITH THEIR IMPISHNESS AND VULGARITY WERE FAVOURITE SUBJECTS OF STEEN. (Private coll., Gt. Britain.)



"THE VILLAGE SCHOOL": ANOTHER STUDY ON A FAVOURITE THEME. STEEN WAS BRILLIANT AT CAPTURING FLEETING MOMENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE. (Nat. Gall. of Ireland, Dublin.)



"THE PARROT CAGE": ONE OF THE ARTIST'S BEST-KNOWN WORKS. THERE IS A HUMOUR IN STEEN'S PAINTINGS LACKING IN SIMILAR STUDIES BY MANY DUTCH ARTISTS. (Rijks., Amsterdam.)



"THE ITINERANT MUSICIANS": ONE OF STEEN'S BEST COMPOSITIONS, WHICH COMBINES ELEGANT COMPOSURE WITH A TOUCH OF COARSENESS. (Private coll., Gt. Britain.)



"THE PROPOSAL": ONE OF SEVERAL SUBJECTS THAT STEEN FREQUENTLY PAINTED. THE AMUSING, CRUDE AND BIZARRE ASPECTS OF COURTSHIP FASCINATED HIM. (Private coll., Gt. Britain.)

## THE DISREPUTABLE IN DUTCH LIFE: FROM A SMALL AT THE MAURITSHUIS, THE HAGUE.



"THE WRONG WORLD": ANOTHER VERY CHARACTERISTIC PAINTING, FULL OF ENTERTAINING DETAILS, SUCH AS THE DOG EATING ON THE TABLE, AND THE DUCK ON THE MAN'S SHOULDER. (Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.)

Continued. side of domestic town-life. With a humorous and satirical brush he portrayed the joviality and the coarseness of everyday life, dwelling with ceaseless pleasure on the incongruous details that he observed in the world around him. There is nothing refined or idealised about his studies. On the contrary he frequently delighted in pointing out the unignominy and crude aspects of what he was painting. At the same time he was rich in sympathy; frequently in his pictures a quality of sadness lies beneath the disreputable surface, as in his fine study, "The Voyager's Rest," and his equally successful "The Oyster-Eater."



"THE OYSTER-EATER": ONE OF STEEN'S MOST SYMPATHETIC AND BEAUTIFUL COMPOSITIONS. IT HAS A DELICACY AND POISE FREQUENTLY LACKING. (Mauritshuis, The Hague.)



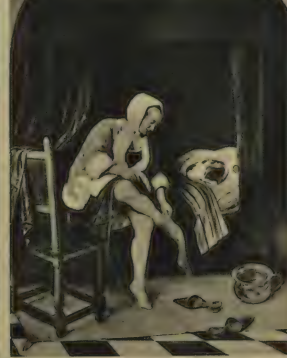
"THE BURGOMASTER OF DELFT": ONE OF STEEN'S MORE SUBDUED PAINTINGS; THE MILD COMPOSURE OF THE BURGOMASTER IS ADMIRABLY PORTRAYED. (Private coll., Gt. Britain.)



"THE ARTIST EATING OYSTERS": AS USUAL DRINK FEATURES STRONGLY IN THE PAINTING. THE PRIM ELEGANCE OF THE LADY IS AN AMUSING CONTRAST TO THE HAM-FISTED GLUTTONY OF THE MAN OPPOSITE HER. (Private coll., Gt. Britain.)



"THE VOYAGER'S REST": ONE OF THE BEST PAINTINGS IN THE EXHIBITION. STEEN HAS CAPTURED SUPERBLY THE DREAMY SADNESS OF THE OLD MAN. (Musée Fabre, Montpellier.)



"THE MORNING TOILET": A STUDY FULL OF TYPICAL DETAILS, SUCH AS THE DOG ON THE WARM PILLOW AND THE GARTER MARKS ON THE WOMAN'S LEGS. (Munich, Switzerland.)



"THE BACHELOR": A VARIATION ON A FAVOURITE THEME. CHARACTERISTICALLY THE ARTIST HAS EMPHASISED THE MELTDOWN DISREPUTABLE ASPECT OF HIS SUBJECT. (Private coll., Gt. Britain.)





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### DECEPTIVE BEAKS, SMALL AND LARGE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A BIRD'S beak has put me into difficulties on two occasions recently, but not the same beak. The first was on this page two weeks ago, when in writing about the beaks of the great tit and the blue tit a photograph of the former was included, but was described in the caption as a blue tit. The error was, I hope, so sufficiently obvious that it deceived nobody.

The second story of a beak has a broader basis: it is that of the supposed pterodactyl believed to have been seen alive in Africa. To introduce the subject, I take the liberty of quoting from a recent book, reviewed on this page only last week: "On the Track of Unknown Animals," by Bernard Heuvelmans.

In 1923 Frank H. Melland published an account of his travels entitled "In Witch-bound Africa." In one chapter he tells how he kept coming upon vague rumours about a much-feared animal called *hongamato*, said to live in the Jiundu swamps in the north-west corner of Northern Rhodesia, near the frontier of the Belgian Congo and Angola. He asked what it was. The natives told him that it was a bird, but not exactly a bird, more like a lizard with wings of skin like a bat's.

Melland noted down this reply, but only later did he suddenly realise its staggering implication. Then he renewed his questions and learnt that the beast's wing-span was between 4 and 7 ft., that it had no feathers at all, its skin was bare and smooth, and its beak was full of teeth. Convinced that it must be some kind of flying lizard, he showed the natives pictures of these animals asking if they recognised their beast. They all immediately plumped for the Pterodactyl, excitedly muttering *hongamato*!

This irritable beast had a vile reputation; it was said to make canoes capsize, and merely to see it was death. . . . According to Melland, the negroes were convinced that the beast was still living to-day, and he himself was inclined to think that the *hongamato* had lived until very recently and still survived in tradition.

I knew of this account and have been, therefore, the more interested to note that, during the last few years, there have been several similar reports of a "pterodactyl-like creature" having been seen in Central Africa. These reports came sometimes through news-agency channels, and I have regretted not keeping a note of the details. The reports were not frequent, but they seemed to be insistent and to be markedly similar, so that I began to believe in the possibility of some survival of flying reptiles in inaccessible places.

This year, apparently, there has been "scientific observation of the Zambezi Valley during its flooding as a result of the Kariba Dam hydro-electric project," with "a concentration of zoologists, biologists, bird, beast and fish-watchers in this comparatively unknown part of Africa." These words by Ian Colvin, *Daily Telegraph* Special Correspondent, introduce once again the pterodactyl theme:

But I can report now several significant findings of game watchers here. One concerns a two-year-old theory that prehistoric animals still exist in the swamps of Bangweulu, Northern Rhodesia. This theory gained credence two years ago when an African was brought into the neighbouring Fort Rosebery with a deep stab wound in the chest and was asked the name of his

assailant. He persisted in saying that he had been stabbed by a large bird in Bangweulu swamp.

When given pencil and paper he drew a creature remarkably like a pterodactyl. . . . White settlers [also] affirmed having seen a creature like a pterodactyl.

In the Zambezi Valley Colvin photographed an extraordinary bird of dark plumage, 4 ft. tall, with a disproportionately large beak. It later proved

enormous bill lowered to the surface of the water. The strongly hooked beak is believed by some authorities to be "specially adapted to seize and rip open turtles and the mailed fishes with which the waters of Central Africa abound."

One other feature should be stressed: that there is a short bushy crest at the back of the head. Some pterodactyls had a large beak and the back of the head continued into a bony crest, as if to act as a counter-poise to the beak. It must

be confessed that the moment the suggestion is made, and one mentally compares the appearance of the boatbill's head with that of some of the pterodactyls, it seems the obvious explanation for the *hongamato*; and it is significant that one of those who saw the bird in the Zambezi Valley was heard to remark, on first seeing it, "It's a pterodactyl." And, indeed, the boatbill or whale-headed stork is such an extraordinary bird that anyone taken by surprise as it flies low overhead could be forgiven for mistaking it for—a pterodactyl?

This explanation may, as I say, be perfectly correct. It seems an obvious one. But one tends to grow suspicious of the obvious, and while not discounting the explanation, it is not a bad idea to consider it a little more closely. The first thing that occurs to me is that the boatbill is said, when flying, generally to hold its enormous bill on its crop. This would give it a grotesque appearance, but would not heighten its resemblance to a pterodactyl. But it was not the Africans who called it a pterodactyl, it was the Europeans.

The evidence, as far as it is available, is as follows: No pterodactyl was found in the Zambezi Valley, only a bird that caused one observer to say, "It's a pterodactyl." An African, twenty-five years ago, claimed he had been stabbed by a bird in the Bangweulu swamp, 400 miles to the north of the Zambezi Valley. Melland, operating in an area north-west of the main Zambezi Valley (300-400 miles away), heard persistent reports of a bird "more like a lizard with wings of skin like a bat's."

When a boatbill is disturbed it flies off slowly "with a great noise." The only sound it utters is a loud bill-clapping. These, with its grotesque appearance, could strike fear, if not terror, into an observer, which is not the best condition for making accurate observation. This argument might be advanced to explain away the alleged "wings of skin like a bat's," ". . . no feathers at all, its beak full of teeth." Is this likely?

It may be there is no pterodactyl living to-day. It may reasonably be that the boatbill has been responsible for the stories of living pterodactyls. Nevertheless, the best we can say of the observations made in the Zambezi Valley is that they form the basis of a plausible theory. To go further than this and say that by the conjunction of three diverse series of events, each having taken place at widely separated points, a "pterodactyl-theory" has been blown sky-high, is not to approach the matter scientifically.

The coelacanth and the tuatara, contemporaries of the pterodactyls, are still alive.



ERROR IN IDENTITY: THE EXTRAORDINARY BILL OF THE WHALE-HEADED STORK OF CENTRAL AFRICA MAY HAVE BEEN THE CAUSE OF RUMOURS THAT PTERODACTYLS STILL SURVIVE THERE. THE ENTIRE APPEARANCE OF THE BIRD IS SUFFICIENTLY UNUSUAL TO SUPPORT SUCH A BELIEF.

Photograph by permission of the Zoological Society of London.

to be a whale-headed stork, never before seen in the Zambezi Valley, which lies 400 miles south of the Bangweulu swamp. This, it is claimed, explodes the "pterodactyl myth."

The whale-headed stork (*Balaniceps rex*) is also known as the boatbill or the shoe-billed stork. Its plumage is generally an ash-grey, lighter on the margins of the larger body feathers and greyish-black on the tail feathers. The legs are black, and the horn-coloured bill, the most conspicuous feature, is broad and boatlike. Its main centre of distribution is the White Nile and its affluents, but it extends as far south as Nyasaland. Its habitat is the margins of rivers and lakes near beds of tall reeds and well away from human habitations. Although it perches freely on trees, its nest is made among tall reeds or grass. Its food is fish, to catch which the boatbill often stands breast-high in water with its



## FROM A MARINE AMPUTATION TO THE SUB-AQUA-JET: A MISCELLANY.



THE SAD END OF HALF A SHIP: THE BOWS AND BRIDGE OF THE NYON, THE STERN OF WHICH WAS SALVAGED AND TOWED AWAY, BATTERED BY WAVES AT ST. ABBS. On November 15 the *Nyon*, one of the only two steamships in the Swiss Merchant Navy, ran aground in thick fog on rocks off St. Abbs, on the Berwickshire coast. On November 27 the stern part and engines were severed and towed to the Tyne for possible rebuilding. A striking view of the stranded *Nyon* appeared in our issue of November 29.



MIKE HAWTHORN, WHO RECENTLY RETIRED FROM GRAND PRIX RACING, WITH THE PAINTING, BY MR. ROY NOCKOLDS, PRESENTED TO HIM BY THE SHELL PETROLEUM CO. At the Savoy Hotel on December 17 Mike Hawthorn was presented by the Shell Petroleum Company with a painting showing himself driving in the race—the Grand Prix of Morocco in October—in which he won the 1958 World Motor Racing Drivers' Championship.



DEMONSTRATED IN LONDON: THE SUB-AQUA-JET, DESIGNED TO INCREASE THE MOBILITY OF UNDERWATER SWIMMERS.

The *Sub-Aqua-Jet*, demonstrated at Seymour Baths, London, recently, acts as a tug for underwater swimmers. It moves by means of a propeller driven by batteries and can be used at depths up to 100 ft. It is produced by Tough Bros. Ltd., of Teddington, Middlesex.



# SOME NOTABLE PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**PRINCE KHAMMAO, THE NEW LAOS AMBASSADOR TO LONDON.**

Prince Khammao arrived in London on December 17 to take up his new post as Laos Ambassador to London. He is a son of the King of Laos, and a brother of the Crown Prince. He was previously Ambassador in Tokyo, and before that was in Paris. His wife and ten children are already in England. He replaces his half-brother, Prince Khampan.



**A VERSATILE WRITER: THE LATE MR. S. L. BENSUSAN.**

Mr. Samuel Bensusan, journalist and author, died on December 11. He was eighty-six. His interests and writings were immensely varied. Aged twenty he turned to free-lance journalism while studying both farming and music, and later became music critic for *The Illustrated London News*. He was a novelist, best known for his stories and sketches of Essex life.



**MAO TSE-TUNG, WHO IS GIVING UP HIS STATE POST.**

The Chinese Communist leader, Mao Tse-tung, has decided not to seek re-election as Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic. He will remain leader of the party and the people, but it is understood that he wishes to devote more time to theoretical work. The Chinese Foreign Minister said the decision was "in the interest of party and Chinese people."



**A DOMINANT FIGURE IN FILMS: THE LATE SIR A. JARRATT.**

Captain Sir Arthur Jarratt, K.C.V.O., R.N.V.R., managing director of British Lion Films, Ltd., died on December 14, aged sixty-four. He rose to hold an important position in the finance of British films. In 1946 he was knighted for his work with the Royal Naval Film Corporation, and in 1951 received the rare distinction of honorary captain, R.N.V.R.



**AT LONDON AIRPORT: SIR ANTHONY AND LADY EDEN PHOTOGRAPHED AS THEY STARTED OUT FOR A HOLIDAY IN MEXICO.**

Said Sir Anthony, on leaving: "There can be no question of a return to politics for me, but I can express my point of view. . . . The Communist Powers have the initiative in too many places."



**AT THE VATICAN: ARCHBISHOP GODFREY, OF WESTMINSTER, RECEIVING HIS CARDINAL'S BIRETTA FROM POPE JOHN XXIII.**

Mgr. Godfrey, Archbishop of Westminster, received the biretta in a ceremony at the Vatican City on December 17. He was one of twenty-three new cardinals whose elevation was announced in November. He became Archbishop of Westminster in 1956, on the death of Cardinal Griffin.



**REUNITED: KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN AND HIS DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ALIA. MEMBERS OF THE KING'S FAMILY HAD BEEN IN EUROPE SINCE SEPTEMBER. King Hussein and his daughter, Princess Alia, are seen after she arrived back in Amman recently. Piloting a jet fighter, King Hussein escorted his family's aircraft from the Syrian border.**



**GENERAL SALAN'S NEW POST: INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF NATIONAL DEFENCE.**

On the evening of December 12, the French Council of Ministers approved the appointment of General Salan, Delegate-General of the Government in Algeria, as Inspector-General of National Defence. A forty-four-year-old civilian, M. Delouvrier, is from now on responsible for the civil power in Algeria. The transfer of General Salan has long been expected. Military and civil powers are no longer concentrated in the hands of the Army in Algeria.



**THE CAPTAIN OF THE TOURING DARTMOUTH, U.S.A., RUGBY TEAM, MR. J. HESSLER (RIGHT), BEFORE THE FIRST MATCH OF THEIR ENGLISH TOUR AGAINST HASLEMERE RECENTLY. The first American Rugby side to visit England scored a comfortable victory in a warm-up game a few hours after they arrived. The American team, from Dartmouth College, N.H., beat Haslemere 12-0. On December 17 they beat Old Millhillians 5-0.**



**DEATH OF FORMER YUGOSLAV PRIME MINISTER, PROFESSOR YOVANOVITCH.**

A former Prime Minister of Yugoslavia, Professor Slobodan Yovanovitch, died in London on December 12, aged eighty-nine. He was born in Hungary while his father, also a statesman, was in exile. His first name means "Free." He was a Professor at the University of Belgrade, after which he joined the Government, becoming Prime Minister in 1942. After the war he became President of the Yugoslav National Committee in London.





IN HIS CARDINAL'S ROBES: THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, DR. WILLIAM GODFREY, CREATED A CARDINAL ON DEC. 15.

Mgr. William Godfrey, Archbishop of Westminster, was among the twenty-three new cardinals whose elevation to the Cardinalate was announced by the Pope in November. The creation of the new cardinals took place at a secret consistory held in the Vatican Palace on December 15, and two days later Cardinal Godfrey received the biretta from the Pope at the Vatican City. The creation of the new cardinals, announced by the Pope only a few days after he was crowned, increases the membership of the Sacred College to seventy-five for the first time since Sixtus V fixed the total at seventy in 1586.

The Pope has explained that he has enlarged the membership of the Sacred College partly because of the heavy burdens and many duties falling on the cardinals resident in Rome. The last consistory for creating cardinals was in January 1953. Archbishop Godfrey, who is sixty-nine, is the first English cardinal since the death of Cardinal Griffin in 1956. His elevation brings the total of Commonwealth cardinals to five. Twelve of the new cardinals are Italian. Among the new cardinals, and the youngest member of the Sacred College, is Mgr. Döpfner, Bishop of Berlin, who is forty-five.

Study by KARSH of Ottawa.



# THE RE-VEILING OF GENERAL GORDON'S STATUE; A NEW LIBRARY; A NEW TELEPHONE KIOSK; AND OTHER TOPICS.



THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE SUDAN, SIR EDWIN ARTHUR CHAPMAN-ANDREWS (CENTRE), AND OTHER BRITISH AND SUDANESE REPRESENTATIVES SALUTE DURING THE RE-VEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON IN KHARTOUM, SUDAN, ON DECEMBER 11. THE FULL STORY OF THE RE-VEILING OF THESE STATUES IS TOLD ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THIS ISSUE.



A POLICE GUARD AFTER THE BLACKBURN "SIEGE": THE HOUSE IN WHICH A YOUNG MOTHER WAS KILLED AND THREE INJURED, ONE, A DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR, FATALLY. Late in the evening of December 12, the police succeeded in entering this house in Brewery Street, Blackburn, Lancashire, after a 2½-hour siege. On December 16, Mr. Henry King was charged with the murder of his wife and that of Detective-Inspector James O'Donnell.



THE CENTRAL AISLE OF THE NEW LIBRARY AT GRAY'S INN; DESIGNED BY SIR EDWARD MAUFE, R.A., AND OPENED RECENTLY BY THE PRIME MINISTER.

The new Holker Library at Gray's Inn was opened on December 15 by the Prime Minister. The first Holker Library was opened by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, then Prime Minister, in 1929. It was destroyed in 1941. A temporary building to replace it was opened by Sir Winston Churchill.



TOP PRIZES FOR BULLOCKS RAISED BESIDE CALDER HALL ATOMIC POWER STATION. ONE WAS ACTUALLY BORN AT THE TIME OF A RADIO-ACTIVE FALL-OUT.

These two bullocks, which are blue-grey Shorthorn Aberdeen-Angus crosses, were raised by Mr. Fred Fenwick, of Calder Farm, which adjoins the Calder Hall atomic power station. They were recently first-prize winners at the fatstock show in Whitehaven, Cumberland. These prizes confirm that atomic power operations have no ill effect on cattle breeding.



A MODEL OF A NEW TELEPHONE KIOSK: THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, MR. MARPLES (LEFT), DISCUSSING WITH THE DESIGNER, MR. NEVILLE CONDOR, THE PROPOSED NEW STYLE OF KIOSK. This is a model of a new-style telephone kiosk which is scheduled to replace the existing ones. It is lower than the present ones, has improved ventilation, is glazed on all sides and made of anodised aluminium. The new kiosks are unlikely to be in use before the end of 1959, and, although costing more to build, will be cheaper to maintain.



## THIRTEEN CURTAIN CALLS: A ROMANTIC BALLET REVIVAL'S TRIUMPH.



A SCENE FROM "LA FETE ETRANGE," THE ROMANTIC BALLET REVIVED AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.



SVETLANA BERIOSOVA AS THE BRIDE IN "LA FETE ETRANGE": A PART SHE PLAYS WITH POISED GRACE AND SMOOTHNESS OF MOVEMENT. FAURE'S MUSIC WAS ORCHESTRATED BY GUY WARRACK.



A FURTHER STUDY OF SVETLANA BERIOSOVA. ALTHOUGH THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THE BALLET HAS BEEN PERFORMED AT COVENT GARDEN, SHE OFTEN PLAYED THE BRIDE IN AN EARLIER SADLER'S WELLS PRODUCTION.



RONALD HYND IS SEEN PLAYING THE BRIDEGROOM OPPOSITE SVETLANA BERIOSOVA'S BRIDE. THE COSTUMES, LIKE THE SCENERY, WERE DESIGNED BY SOPHIE FEDOROVITCH



PIRMIN TRECU, WHO PLAYS A BEWILDERED PEASANT IN THE BALLET, IS SEEN HOLDING SVETLANA BERIOSOVA. THE ARISTOCRATIC BRIDEGROOM LOOKS ON FROM A STAIRCASE.



A FURTHER GRACEFUL SCENE FROM THE FIRST COVENT GARDEN PRODUCTION OF "LA FETE ETRANGE." IT HAS A DECEPTIVELY SIMPLE CHOREOGRAPHIC STYLE.

Andrée Howard's fluid, atmospheric and highly romantic ballet, "La Fête Etrange," was first performed by the London Ballet at the Arts Theatre in May 1940. On December 11, it had its enormously successful first performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. The audience, moved by the soft poetry of Gabriel Fauré's music and the subtlety of the dancing, accorded the production thirteen curtain calls. The story is a simple one: a country boy, wandering in a forest, is led to the grounds of a castle where the approaching

marriage of the young châtelaine to a nobleman is being celebrated with songs and dances. Infatuated with the châtelaine, the country boy innocently causes an estrangement between her and her fiancé. As evening falls, the country boy returns, sad and bewildered, to the forest. Pirmin Trecu, Svetlana Beriosova and Ronald Hynd in the leading parts received high praise for both their acting and dancing; and the supporting cast caught the soft, romantic mood. The guest conductor was Emanuel Young. Photographs by Houston Rogers.





# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## THE GANGS AND THE GODS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"WILL you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?" Few are likely to refuse the invitation to "West Side Story," which must rank now beside "My Fair Lady" as one of the major musical plays of the year: they are fantastically different in mood. Shaw was behind one, Shakespeare is behind the second, though I doubt

to oneself that Romeo's single line, "O, I am fortune's fool," spoken in its context, can put the whole of this elaborate production to flight. No more of that. One must take any work on its declared level, and on that level the "new musical"—the programme description—is an extraordinary piece of work.

Its matter is gang warfare. Not two households both alike in dignity, but two juvenile gangs that dispute for themselves the mastery of a section of New York street. They are the Jets and the Sharks (who are Puerto Ricans). They behave like uninhibited hooligans, but one or two of them have the light of reason. Tony, of the Jets, becomes Romeo to the Juliet of Maria, whose brother leads the Sharks. The rest follows. In the theatre it is curious to watch the pattern of the tragedy as it takes shape on the same lines as Shakespeare's. Only it substitutes for verse the passion and the terror of the dance. Mr. Robbins's choreography has a great swirl and vigour; I have not seen for a long time a production in which the mechanics have been so surely and fluently contrived. This will be an immense popular success, and worthily, though just how long its memory will remain after the end of the run (a long way off) is anyone's guess. It is essentially a team affair, but I must mention the strong, accurate, and well-sung performances of Don McKay as the Romeo (Tony) and of Marlys Watters as the Juliet (Maria), and add that Sylvia Tysick, as the pathetic little tough girl known as "Anybody's," is among the joys of the night: a resolute terrier forever keeping up with the pack.

Beside this, "The Bright One," at the Winter Garden, is a sad story of misdirected hopes. It is a comedy of the kind that swoops into mythology and flirts with the immortals. We get a nymph called Phæa, or Echo, who has been penned within an oak-tree by the jealous Hera, wife of Zeus. Released by chance, she reaches England in the body of the formerly austere botany mistress Agatha Purvis, whose transformation everyone finds enchanting. Everyone upon the stage, that is. I would rather say that I found Kay Kendall enchanting. The dialogue she had to utter and the things she had to do were utterly preposterous.

It is of no use to write this kind of piece unless one has style and invention. Giraudoux, Cocteau, Anouilh—it is just what the French would do well. The present dramatist, "J. M. Fulton," who is in reality a very charming actress Judy Campbell, has only a sense of fun that she cannot communicate. Probably she enjoyed working on the play, and certainly it must have appealed to a play-reader's sense of humour; but in the theatre, while Phæa, coyly ingenuous, frolics round the

Dorset terrace, and Zeus hovers balefully (for the most part heard but not seen), we depend upon the personality of Miss Kendall. That, let me say at once, is always fresh and pleasant. The other parts are there for Gladys Cooper, Michael Gwynn, Frederick Leister and the rest, to speak and to act in the valiant hope that they are animating straw.

I am sorry to sound depressed; but when so much care and affection have been given to the presentation of so little, the spectacle can only sadden. Miss Kendall aside, the most memorable things are the way in which that grand and resolute artist, Gladys Cooper, defies fate (the dramatist acted with her, I recall, in "Relative Values"), and the two sets—one of a grove in Greece, the other of the Dorset downlands, with which Tanya Moiseiwitsch has now glorified the Winter Garden stage. "Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?" Bravely, I sat this one out.

Many of us will be eager, in another sense, to sit out the productions at the Mermaid Theatre. Bernard Miles's theatre at Puddle Dock is taking impressive shape. One can now see what the theatre will look like from the stage—a steep ramp rises to the back of the auditorium only 65 ft. away: players will not have to make themselves felt across a void. Mr. Miles needs about £10,000 if the theatre is to open free from debt; he is confident that the Mermaid will indeed be with us in the spring.

I notice that, among the surprises (otherwise unnamed) that Mr. Miles promises for us, he



TONY (DON MCKAY) AND MARIA (MARLYS WATTERS), THE ILL-FATED LOVERS IN "WEST SIDE STORY," GO THROUGH A MAKE-BELIEVE MARRIAGE CEREMONY, WITH TAILORS' MODELS DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION IN THE BACKGROUND. "WEST SIDE STORY" OPENED AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET, ON DECEMBER 12.

whether he would recognise himself at Her Majesty's. Even if I have one or two reservations about "West Side Story," it is something that, while you are watching it, seems to have burned itself into the memory, and that, with any musical play, is surprising.

If, with me, the burn is already healing, that is not to say that I undervalue the piece. It is simply that, in recollection, what had appeared to be so exciting on the night, does come down at length to a memory of pitched battle between two juvenile gangs on the West Side of New York: the "Romeo and Juliet" plot translated into terms of a city slum. Jerome Robbins's choreography is often magnificently compelling while one watches it. Much of the performance has—it is unexpected—a deadly, sinister beauty. The book by Arthur Laurents is extremely capable, the Leonard Bernstein music is matched splendidly to the theme, and the lyrics (by Stephen Sondheim) are better than Alan Jay Lerner's, which are the weakest things in "My Fair Lady." This makes an impressive total, and if in memory you do feel that some of the dancing repeated itself in a rush-and-jump technique, and that the plot had nothing new to say about the now worn subject of the juvenile delinquent; singly or in mass, you need not let that ungrateful feeling weigh on you.

The point is that "West Side Story" holds triumphantly so long as one is with it in the theatre. Second thoughts, no doubt, are unfair. In fact, as I think now of the fight with flick-knives "under the highway"—here again are Tybalt, Mercutio, and Romeo—or of the dream sequence at daybreak which has something of the strange transforming spirit of the Bridge of Vision in O'Casey's "Red Roses For Me," I know that the production can achieve finely what nothing else in this kind has yet attempted. It is irrelevant to murmur



BEFORE HER TRANSFORMATION INTO A DELIGHTFUL, NYMPH-POSSESSED CREATURE: KAY KENDALL AS AGATHA PURVIS, THE AUSTERE FEMALE BOTANIST, WITH TOM (MICHAEL GWYNN, RIGHT), AND CURTIS (HUGH McDERMOTT) IN THE OPENING SCENE OF "THE BRIGHT ONE," J. M. FULTON'S AIRY COMEDY AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE. (FIRST NIGHT, DECEMBER 10.)

mentions the probable appearance, in an early programme, of Henry Fielding's satirical comedy, "The Justice Caught in His Own Trap; or, The Coffee House Politician." I remember especially the scene between Politic—too concerned with the destiny of nations to trouble about his own home—and his friend Dabble, each seeking to organise the world and neither very sanguine about its future. The Turks are always looming. And what about the health of the Dauphin?

What about the health of the Mermaid? Excellent, I imagine. Mr. Miles will have a great many unexpected ideas, and I look forward to a night when we can first come down to the river by Blackfriars, and look across towards Shakespeare's own Bankside and the site of another playhouse.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" (New Victoria, S.W.1).—The annual revival of the children's fantasy. (December 26.)  
 "RADIO RESCUE" (Arts Theatre Club).—A twice-daily Christmas season of a play for children by the American writer, Charlotte Chorpennin. (December 26.)  
 "BILLY BUNTER'S MYSTERY CHRISTMAS" (Palace).—A celebrated figure of children's mythology in a production for holiday matinées. (December 27.)



# "WEST SIDE STORY," A TRAGIC MUSICAL:



BERNADO, LEADER OF THE SHARKS (KEN LE ROY), WITH HIS GIRL, ANITA (CHITA RIVERA).

(Right.) MARIA (MARLYS WATTERS) AND TONY (DON MCKAY) IN THE BALCONY SCENE—REMINISCENT OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."



# GANG WAR MOVINGLY PORTRAYED.



TONY AND MARIA DURING THE STRIKING MUSICAL NUMBER "TO-NIGHT."



DURING "THE DANCE AT THE GYM" WHERE TONY AND MARIA FALL IN LOVE: MARIA (RIGHT, CENTRE) IS SEPARATED FROM TONY BY A FELLOW PUERTO RICAN.



AFTER A DRAMATIC FINAL CLIMAX: TONY'S BODY IS CARRIED AWAY BY BOTH SHARKS AND JETS, LEAVING THE STAGE TO THE MOURNING MARIA AND OTHER GANG MEMBERS.



WHEN THE "RUMBLE" HAS DEVELOPED INTO A KNIFE FIGHT: THE FATAL STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE TWO GANG LEADERS, RIFF (GEORGE CHAKIRIS, STANDING) AND BERNADO.



BERNADO, LEFT, KNIFES RIFF WHILE TONY, RIGHT, TRIES TO PREVENT HIS FRIEND CONTINUING THE FIGHT.



THE PUERTO RICAN GIRLS—WITH ANITA, SECOND FROM THE LEFT—SING THE AMUSING NUMBER "AMERICA." THE CHOREOGRAPHER OF THE VITAL, FLOWING DANCES IS JEROME ROBBINS.



THE TRAGIC END OF THE GANG RIVALRY, DESTROYING FOR TONY AND MARIA HOPES OF A NEW LIFE: TONY'S BODY IS CARRIED AWAY.

"West Side Story," in striking contrast with former American musicals, is based on a tale of tragedy. The plot, which has some points of similarity with that of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," is unpromising, the tragic events arising out of the primitive rivalry between two gangs of young hoodlums in New York City. The struggle for supremacy between the Jets and Sharks—the latter being Puerto Ricans only recently settled in the City—leads to a set battle ("rumble") being arranged. Natural provocation arising out of

Tony's efforts to prevent the fight happening leads ultimately to his death, thus ending his hopes for a new life with Maria, sister of the Puerto Rican gang leader. The gangs are sympathetically portrayed, and the story—in spite of its drawbacks—is moving. Although there are some amusing and some memorable numbers, the music, by Leonard Bernstein, is chiefly notable for the clever way in which it illustrates the mood of the story as it develops. "West Side Story" is reviewed by John Trewin on page 1150.





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



### CHRISTMAS STOCKING

By ALAN DENT

THE films I have seen in the last fortnight are so extremely varied in their nature that I am reminded of the contents of the Christmas-stocking of my Edwardian infancy—various toys and games, a silk-knitted tie, one's very first watch maybe, a sovereign or a half-sovereign in a little white cotton bag, sweets of a choice and unusual nature, an apple and a tangerine, nuts and almonds and raisins in the foot of the stocking, and a half-crown or, with great good luck, a crown-piece in its toe. O ecstasy! O the feel of a bulging Christmas-stocking in a dark wintry Tennysonian dawn when the casement—or, at least, one's little Scottish dormer-window—"slowly grew a glimmering square"! Nowadays I just get up to count my Christmas-cards, first pulling on utterly empty socks to do so! But at least the memory of the old excitement comes over me each Christmas Day in the morning; and that is much.

Where was I? Oh, yes, at a very mixed Christmas offering of films—"Home Before Dark," with Jean Simmons as a New England girl "round the bend"; "Summer with Monika," with an ultra-modern young Swedish couple making love in and around Stockholm; "Nowhere to Go," a not very sure-handed thriller about a Canadian crook "on the run" in London; and "No Room for Wild Animals," which shows us human pygmies as they still exist, surrounded by the flora and fauna of the Belgian Congo. The last is the best for children—and, for that matter, for the grown-ups as well. It was made by the Director of the Frankfurt Zoo, Dr. Bernhard Grzimek, with the assistance of his son, Michael Grzimek.

The film set in New England around Christmastime begins with Jean Simmons walking down a long corridor in a mental home on the day of her release. We are instantly reminded of this same endearing

philosophy had discussed the situation with a colleague who also lives in the same house. Of their philosophy they make no use—as Cassius would have said. The film is chiefly remarkable for its nice snowy New England settings, and for a nice snowy and often touching little performance by Miss Simmons.

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



JEAN SIMMONS AS CHARLOTTE IN "HOME BEFORE DARK." (WARNER BROS.; LONDON PREMIERE, WARNER THEATRE, DECEMBER 11.)

"Jean Simmons as Charlotte, the sad and mad little heroine of 'Home Before Dark' (directed by Mervyn LeRoy)," writes Alan Dent of his present choice, "gives perhaps the best and most civilised of the many performances, civilised and uncivilised, under review this week. She is a kind of modern New-England Ophelia married not very happily to a Hamlet in the shape of an undecided young professor of philosophy. The film is distinctly too long, but Miss Simmons manages to keep the heroine's plight interesting and touching."

about a couple of young irresponsibles—lazy both of them, and neither of them particularly fond of washing—who run away together, co-habit for a while in a dinghy on a lake near Stockholm, have a baby, and then separate rather indecisively. Bergman photographs his landscapes lovingly, and his lovers tenderly. But I have the strong feeling not for the first time in these Continental romances—that if it had all been about Cockney lovers on Canvey Island no one would have thought the interlude worth the filming.

Another disappointment, to me at least, is "Nowhere to Go," especially as it has the "Michael Balcon Production" signature—words which have usually richly fulfilled their promise in the past. It has a very smooth performance by George Nadar as a crook who ingratiates himself with a silly rich widow, robs her of a small but tidy fortune, and successfully hides the money without successfully avoiding a term of imprisonment. The film, beginning with tension, fails to keep it up. Maggie Smith makes a promising appearance as a perfect nuisance of an inquisitive young woman. But the story is not well enough sustained for her and some other good players. The direction, especially alert at the start, is by Seth Holt, and the screen-play by Seth Holt and Kenneth Tynan. But the plot's development nowhere reveals the latter young gentleman displaying any of his usual preternatural acumen. The whole thing is just odd. Odder still is the music supplied by one Dizzy Reece, and alternating astonishingly between hot and cool jazz and John Sebastian Bach on the harpsichord.

No, on the whole, it must be opined that the African pygmies in "No Room for Wild Animals" steal a march on almost all the



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: CHARLOTTE, JAKE (EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR.), JOAN (RHONDA FLEMING), INEZ (MABEL ALBERTSON, BACK TO CAMERA) AND ARNOLD (DAN O'HERLIHY) IN "HOME BEFORE DARK," THE STORY OF "THE UNBALANCED WIFE OF A PRIGGISH YOUNG PROFESSOR (DAN O'HERLIHY) WHO IS TAKING HER BACK HOME TO A HOUSE CHIEFLY RUN BY HIS OVER-BEAUTIFUL STEPSISTER AND HIS OVER-LOUD STEPMOTHER."

little actress's Ophelia walking down the endless corridors of Elsinore in the film-version of "Hamlet." She is the unbalanced wife of a priggish young professor (Dan O'Herlihy) who is taking her back home to a house chiefly run by his over-beautiful stepsister and his over-loud stepmother. At the very outset, when the doctor says to the husband, "Too often they return to the same situation which precipitated the breakdown in the first place," it dawns upon us that little Charlotte is going to be driven round the bend all over again unless those two alienating women are removed. But the same obvious certainty does not dawn upon the husband for two hours at least. The result is an extraordinarily long film, full of complications which could have been reduced to simplicity and a reasonable length, if only our young professor of

The Swedish one comes from the cunning directoral hand of the famous Ingmar Bergman, who made "The Seventh Seal" and the still more haunting and beautiful "Wild Strawberries." This fact will doubtless mesmerise many film-lovers, critical and otherwise, into considering "Summer with Monika" a poetic masterpiece. It seems to me, on the other hand, just a sordid little idyll



LOST IN WONDERMENT: A PRODUCTION SHOT TAKEN DURING THE FILMING OF "NO ROOM FOR WILD ANIMALS" AND SHOWING A PYGMY LISTENING TO A SOUND RECORDING. PRODUCED BY DR. BERNHARD GRZIMEK, DIRECTOR OF FRANKFURT ZOO, AND HIS SON, MICHAEL GRZIMEK, AND DISTRIBUTED BY ASTRAL MOTION PICTURES LTD., THE FILM IS AT THE CAMEO-POLY, WHERE IT HAD ITS LONDON PREMIERE ON DECEMBER 11.

players in the other new films. A pair of almost completely uncivilised young lovers, called Kassimo and Epini, seem to my perceptions very much more lyrical and considerably less squalid than that pretty but petulant pair in the Swedish film. The animals—including okapi, giraffes, zebras, antelopes, hippopotami, baboons, cheetahs, and snakes—are simply wonderful. They are described with dignity, and are never made to conform to silly music (as is so often Mr. Disney's tendency in such displays). The pygmies—belonging to a doomed race called the Bambuti—are treated with a similar respect amounting to fondness. In all ways "No Room for Wild Animals" is something not to be missed. It is the cinema's counterpart of Dr. Grzimek's book of the same title, an impassioned plea against the ruthless extermination of wild life in Central Africa.

#### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE DECKS RAN RED" (M-G-M. Generally Released: December 15).—James Mason and a mutiny and lots of gore. Tepid.  
 "TIMBUKTU" (U.A. Generally Released: December 15).—Victor Mature and Yvonne De Carlo bring romance—against a background of war—to the Sahara's dusty face. Warm.  
 "THE TWO-HEADED SPY" (Columbia. Generally Released: December 15).—Gallant Jack Hawkins reconciles us to a particularly incredible tale of the last war. Hot.





THE FASCINATING DESIGN MADE BY THE HEAD OF THE PESTILENTIAL FLEA: A PHOTOMICROGRAPH TAKEN FOR IDENTIFYING FLEAS OF DIFFERENT SPECIES.

SOME sixty photographs—chosen as examples of what is being done by the Photographic Section of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, and most of them taken for the purpose of illustrating scientific papers—were put on exhibition at the Museum during the first two weeks of December. It was hoped the Exhibition would continue until just after Christmas. The photographs are of great scientific interest and many are notable examples of photographic technique. Special filters and films have been used for a number of the exhibits. Spraying with ammonium chloride has in some cases been used to eliminate visual complications caused by different colouring in the object to be photographed, and thus to produce a better impression of its shape.



(Right.)  
A MUCH-ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH OF A SPIDER'S HEAD, TAKEN TO SHOW THE NUMBER AND ARRANGEMENT OF THE EYES AND ALSO SHOWING THE FANGS (CHELICERÆ) FOR POISONING VICTIMS.

LIKE THINGS FROM OUTER SPACE: FLEA AND SPIDER PORTRAITS FROM THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.



FOSSIL LOBSTERS  
AND A GRUESOME  
STARFISH:  
NATURAL HISTORY  
MUSEUM  
PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE photograph of fossil lobsters to the right—one of the many interesting photographs in the "Photography in the Service of this Museum" Exhibition at the Natural History Museum—was taken after the subject had been sprayed with ammonium chloride. This treatment emphasizes the shape of the object, concealing misleading colours under a thin, uniformly white film. This technique is used to bring out the modelling of fossils photographed in the matrix in which they are found. The upper photograph on the preceding page shows the front part of a flea, and was one of a number of photographs taken in order to identify fleas of different species. The identification is made by means of observing differences near the creature's mouth which, although very small, can be detected in these much-enlarged photographic views.



FOSSIL LOBSTERS, PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER BEING SPRAYED WITH AMMONIUM CHLORIDE TO EMPHASIZE THE MODELLING OF THE SUBJECT.



THE GORGON-HEADED STARFISH—ONE OF THE MANY STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.





SKELETAL REMAINS OF THE *ARCHAEOPTERYX*, THE EARLIEST OF KNOWN BIRDS: ONE OF THE MANY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCIENTIFIC INTEREST IN AN EXHIBITION AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

This photograph of the *archaeopteryx*, the earliest of known birds, whose skeletal remains show that this species forms a definite link between reptiles and birds, is one of the many remarkable exhibits in the photographic exhibition at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The photograph was taken by tungsten light, while others of the *archaeopteryx* in the Exhibition

were taken by ultra-violet fluorescence, which shows up the calcified bones, some of which are not distinguishable by ordinary light. The upper photograph on the opposite page is of fossil lobsters of a newly-discovered species from the Cretaceous rocks of Graham Land, in the Antarctic. The Exhibition was being held in the Arachnid Gallery.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

OF making many books there is no end: after all. One might think, for instance, that Thomas Mann had exhausted the T.B. sanatorium; yet in "The Rack," by A. E. Ellis (Heinemann; 18s.), it appears as something quite new, and of unbroached ghastliness. I am not trying to debunk "The Magic Mountain," that unique giant; all the same, we now find that Hans Castorp was only playing at being ill, and being the kind of person who would be ill. Whereas with Paul Davenant we go under. The world of his sickness is not a stage; it is an authentic hell, peopled by lost souls and their special fiends. (Who are also lost, of course.) Though I must beware of making it sound too visionary. Paul's place of torment, a sanatorium in the Haute Savoie, is disguised in realism; only now and then it shows through. A harrowing, a frightful story, inside and out; and yet less gloomy than you would think. For it feeds the heart and imagination.

The course of events is nearly as bald in outline as a temperature chart. Paul arrives at Brisset with a group of ex-service students, under an international scheme. He is twenty-seven: the oldest of his group, the worst case, the least informed. Three of them are medical students; Paul hasn't even the vocabulary of his predicament. The new words, pneumothorax and the rest, fill him with vague terror; but he means to be cured. Or so he proclaims. Knowing inwardly that he was sick before getting T.B.: that it was like him to get T.B. His sickness is of life; he has no faith in it, no sustaining memories, nothing to draw him back. On the eve of "treatment" he is already thinking: What for? Why not a short cut? But the flesh is strong and bent on survival. It takes him the long way round, through two and a half years—three nightmare Christmases—of improvement and relapse, unspeakable tortures and false dawns. Once, he is to be discharged in a week or two. He has something to live for—a very young, lovely girl. And Michèle has faith. She believes in life, and wants to go home; hence the miracle of her operation. She believes now in their plans, their future happiness. But it is no good; to Paul she becomes a last motive for despair.

There is a fearful irony in his sufferings. Yet without irony, without the domestic farce of *Les Alpes*, the crackpot figures, the hints of doom and design, the sudden, lurid malevolence of some fellow-victim—without this macabre element, the sheer physical record would be unbearable. Though "The Rack" has no comfort at all, it has a fourth dimension.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Sigh for a Strange Land," by Monica Stirling (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), though a kind of tailpiece to world-wide, far more protracted misery, is comparatively slight and graceful. That is, in form. Resi, the schoolgirl, has grown up somewhere behind the Curtain—perhaps in Hungary; we needn't know, for to Resi herself it doesn't matter. She is post-diluvian. Flags, frontiers, causes make her skin creep. The Revolution was a Good Thing, but the thing is to be left alone to one's bean soup and potato. All the more because Aunt Natasha, and her lifelong friend Boris, are Russian *ci-devants*. While Resi has no country but Aunt Natasha; her blood is mixed, her dead parents were expatriates, her grandparents were refugees. . . .

And now it is her turn. One morning, revolution has broken out, and Boris whisks them across the frontier. To a reception centre in a strange town, where they are prevented in all their doings—naturally for their good—and Aunt Natasha gets pleurisy. While she lives, they have only to stay put and stay together. But then what? There is an amnesty; ought they to go back? Has Resi a duty to the future—that loathsome future, for which all the worst things are done? . . . Perhaps the flaw in this story, certainly its charm, is the happy ending. For Resi has fallen on her feet; she has now a rich, string-pulling, sympathetic friend, and can choose the wide world in the present, under good auspices. Elegant and deeply felt, all the same.

"Man Overboard," by Monica Dickens (Michael Joseph; 15s.), is about a naval officer, axed at thirty-six, looking for a job. Ben is a widower with a little girl: not brilliant, pushful, or remarkable for anything but his hopeful temper and his affair with a TV star. Rose, however, went for the gold braid; only an optimist could see her marrying the odd-job man. Yet for a long time Ben thinks she will; just as he looks forward to a career, while drifting from one lowly and untenable stopgap to the next. These, of course, are just in the author's line. In the end, he neither gets rich nor marries Rose; not to his regret, since he has found a happiness made to measure. Very intelligent and lively.

"The Case of the Grinning Gorilla," by Erle Stanley Gardner (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), begins hopefully enough; after all, the writer is a professional. Indeed, the professional; we are told that since 1933 he has produced "about" seventy books—close on three a year. The author is so professional, he has come out on the other side.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

TO improve your play, I proposed a threefold plan last week: plenty of hard chess; some postal chess; study of good books.

On further cogitation, I proffer a fourth recommendation: some quick chess. Not "lightning" chess because, played at lightning speed, chess becomes either a mere superficiality or a scramble.

There are two sorts of "lightning" chess, you see. One is played to a bell which rings at regular intervals, usually ten seconds. The second employs a chess clock which is set for a total five minutes' allowance for each player. Each can be fun in small doses but each has severe limitations.

The absurdity of allowing exactly ten seconds for every move is clear. The veriest tyro can play 1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3 in half one second. On the other hand, a complex middle-game position is worth several minutes of anybody's time; it is thoroughly irritating to have to move almost anyhow in such a situation, and I have even known players to become so absorbed as to allow several "bells" to go by, forfeiting the game rather than move trivially.

Thus in lightning play to the bell, though there is a certain scope for intuition, the main essentials for success are to avoid gross blunders, and not on any account to think too deeply!

"Five-minute chess on the clock" is much more popular among strong players. It has drawbacks just as bad. "How can you budget for getting all your moves into five minutes, whether the game goes twenty, forty, sixty or a hundred moves?" asks any newcomer. A little trial shows that you can usually win a won game within the time—until you come up against somebody who has mastered the *reductio ad absurdum*: in a hopelessly lost position your opponent contrives an almost endless succession of moves, evasions, sacrifices whose only motive is to continue existing whilst gaining ever-precious time. Finally, you find yourself a queen, two rooks and two bishops to the good and with your opponent's king on the brink of mate, but you have lost, because your clock-flag has fallen whilst his is still on the brink. You have exceeded the allotted five minutes, mainly because it is harder to think constructively than destructively. Thus the secret of success here is a mastery of spoiling tactics that are hardly chess at all.

My remedy: play FIFTEEN-minute chess on the clock. No game can then take more than half an hour, so that a tournament of eight, each playing each of the others, can be completed within an evening. To lose a won game on time is rare indeed. There is scope for depth as well as speed.

One of my happiest recollections is of three evenings spent like this when a couple of crack players from abroad visited our local club. Wholly delightful! It was even possible to brush up your openings between sessions. Never has my own proficiency advanced so speedily in any comparable period.

To revert to chess books:

Middle-game play has another side than the strategic: the tactical, the combinative. Books illustrating brilliant combinations are so attractive that they occasionally lead the reader astray from the path of rectitude; he falls so madly in love with brilliance that his chess becomes airborne. Anybody who can spring the near-£2 asked for either of Reinfeld's roor collections of brilliancies can look ahead to many evenings of enjoyment, and profit as well, if he only tempers it with doses of "My System."

One more bit of general advice. Be strong-minded and study what does not attract you, as well as what you like. If end-games bore you a bit, then studying them may do your chess more good than anything else.

In my recent broadcast talk on chess-books I spoke of many other fine works besides these. Christmas and books go so happily together, I may be tempted to come back to this theme again.

## ALEXANDER THE GREAT; THE HOUSE OF COMMONS; AND OTHER TOPICS.

IF it were possible for so delightful a writer as Miss Freya Stark to drive her many devoted readers to the borderline of insanity, I should have said that she achieved it in "Alexander's Path" (John Murray; 30s.). She sets out to trace the marches of Alexander the Great through Anatolia, on his way to the conquest of Persia, Babylon and the East. It is, of course, true, as she writes, that "while the farther regions of Alexander's marches have been illuminated by the more brilliant modern scholars and enquirers, the nearer geography of Anatolia, which saw the first and most formative year and a half, or perhaps a little more, of his adventure, has been comparatively little attended to." Well, Miss Stark has attended to them, and those historians who are already well aware of the gaps in our knowledge will no doubt be grateful for all her scholarly research. The ordinary reader will soon find himself in a sort of Hampton Court maze. For one thing, as Miss Stark casually informs us in her foreword, "Alexander and I happened to be travelling in opposite directions." ("Figure to yourself"—as the French say—an attempt to tell the story of the Odyssey to someone who had never heard it, beginning in Ithaca, and working your way back to Troy!) I need not elaborate this point, but it is worth adding that readers who will take the trouble to study the first appendix, before starting even on the foreword, will be better equipped to grope their way through.

But the book contains much that is excellent. Miss Stark's story of her journey is, she says, "related in the casual way which I enjoy"—and so do we all. Forget all about Alexander's marches, if you like, and you will still find first-class entertainment in these pages. However, it is not possible to forget about Alexander himself. There he stands, brooding over Miss Stark's theme like some King Arthur of another legend, the embodiment of a splendid dream, that of the unity of mankind. She presents him as a kind of philosopher-king, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful." But was he? With deference to Miss Stark's expertise in this field, I cannot believe it. Some of the passages which she quotes, especially from Quintus Curtius, certainly support her view. So eminent an authority as Professor Tarn was the first, I believe, to formulate it. But Miss Stark makes no reference at all to the many traits in his character which seem to be incompatible with her theory. True, he has been acquitted of the charge of sexual perversion, but what of his ever-increasing alcoholism? What of the brutal murder of Cleitos? What of his adoption of the more flamboyant absurdities among the customs of Persia and Babylon? For my part, I cannot see him as anything but a prophet *malgré lui*—at the most. But here is another virtue to be found in Miss Stark's book: it will promote vigorous discussion.

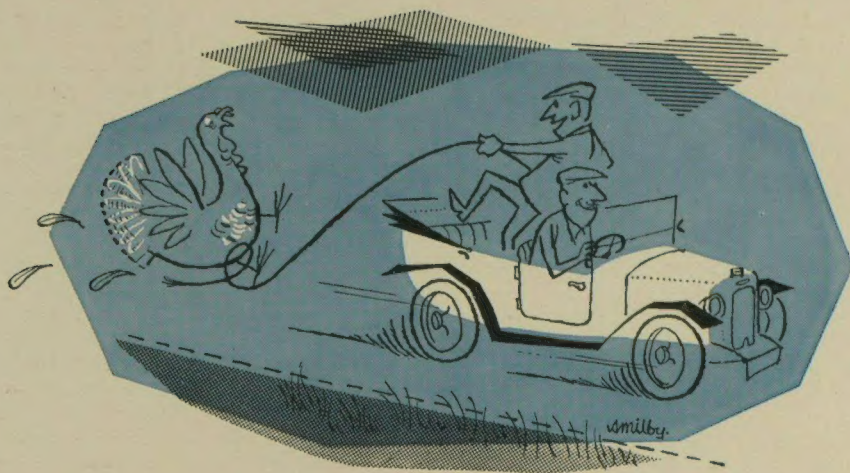
My bag this week is rather mixed, and I dare say that many readers of this column will find themselves, as I do, more at home in Westminster than in Anatolia of the fourth century B.C. Whether one is familiar with parliamentary reporting or not, one could not fail to enjoy Mr. Arthur Baker's "The House is Sitting" (Blandford Press; 18s.). Mr. Baker was chief of the Parliamentary staff of *The Times* from 1934 to 1955. In that capacity he saw as much as any of his colleagues—and a good deal more than most—of what was going on, not only in the Lobby, but also in Downing Street and Whitehall. Many books have been written about the events which he describes, from the "bad" 1930's to Munich, and from the war to the Labour Government and the Conservative return to power. Mr. Baker's comments on all this are well worth making. But the chief interest of this book lies in his portraits of individuals. These are at once kind and shrewd. There is nothing at all conventional or stylised in Mr. Baker's presentation of men such as Northcliffe or Geoffrey Dawson, his own proprietor and editor. His picture of Stanley Baldwin is perhaps the best thing in the book, but the chapter on Lord Attlee runs it very close. On one point, however, I must record my emphatic dissent. Nobody will ever persuade me that "women have an essential part to play in British politics"!

Now we take ship for Angkor. (Quite so: "It is Ecuador, Brazil, or Chile—possibly Peru: You may find it in the atlas if you can!") But Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has thoughtfully provided a simple map as a frontispiece to his "Angkor" (Jonathan Cape; 42s.), which makes it plain that the famous ruins which he so admirably describes are in Cambodia. Certainly the pictures in this book are magnificent. But for once I found myself engrossed in the author's short account of his visit to Cambodia.

Finally, a trip—or should it be a *pas de deux*?—to Russia with Miss Beryl Grey, the famous ballerina, who has written "Red Curtain Up" (Secker and Warburg; 30s.). She is the first Western ballerina ever to have appeared at the Bolshoi Theatre, and she writes enthusiastically of her Soviet fellow-artists and of the audiences which attended her performances. This book is almost wholly technical, but there are a few generalisations in the last chapter.

E. D. O'BRIEN.





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